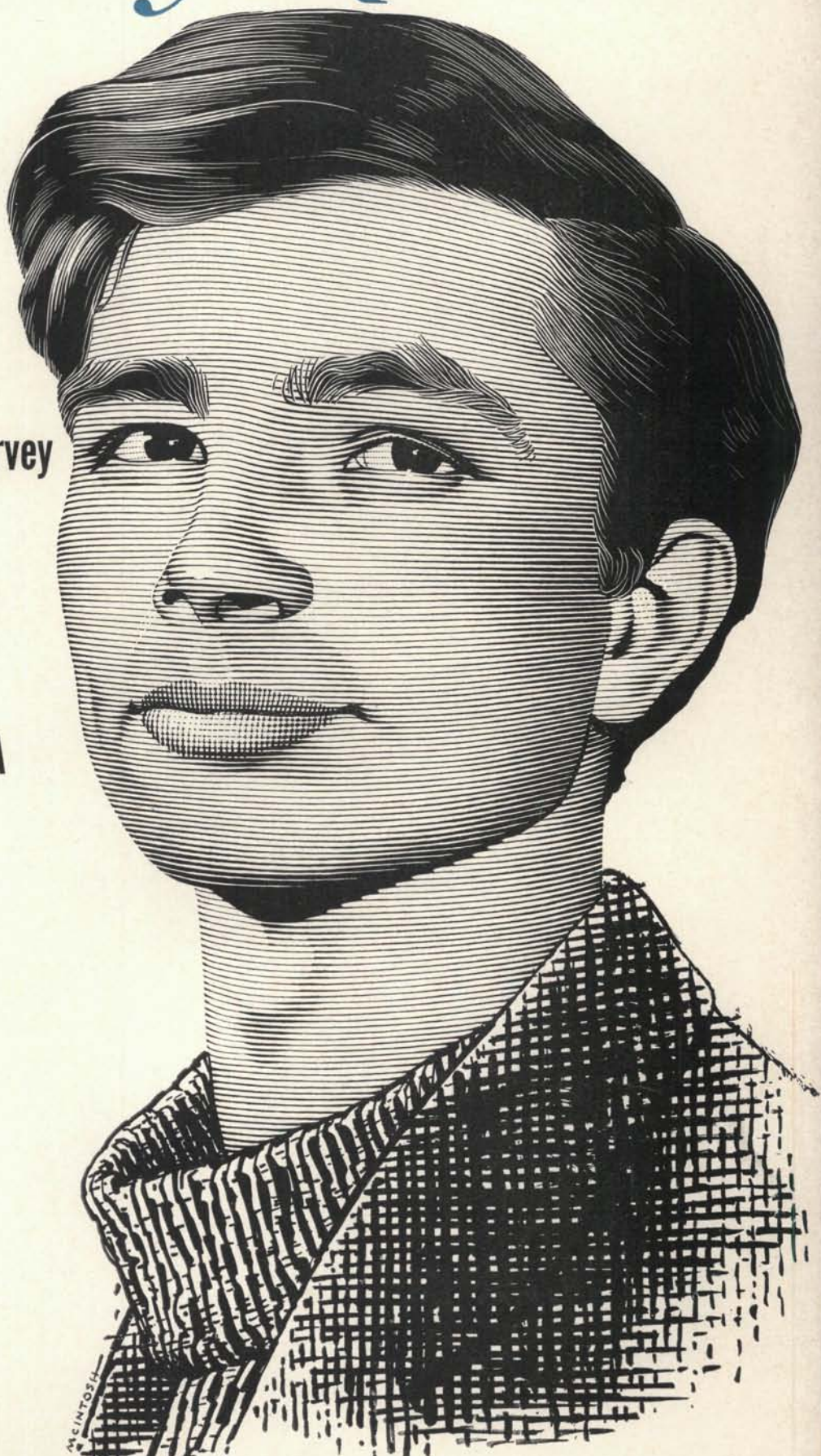
Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 8, 1956 / 20¢



NEW RIDDLES FOR OUR SCHOOLS

SR's Annual Education Survey

A REPORT ON THE QUAKERS' TOUR OF RUSSIA

CONVENTIONS ON TV

By Gilbert Seldes

Colin Wilson, author of "The Outsider." (See page 37)

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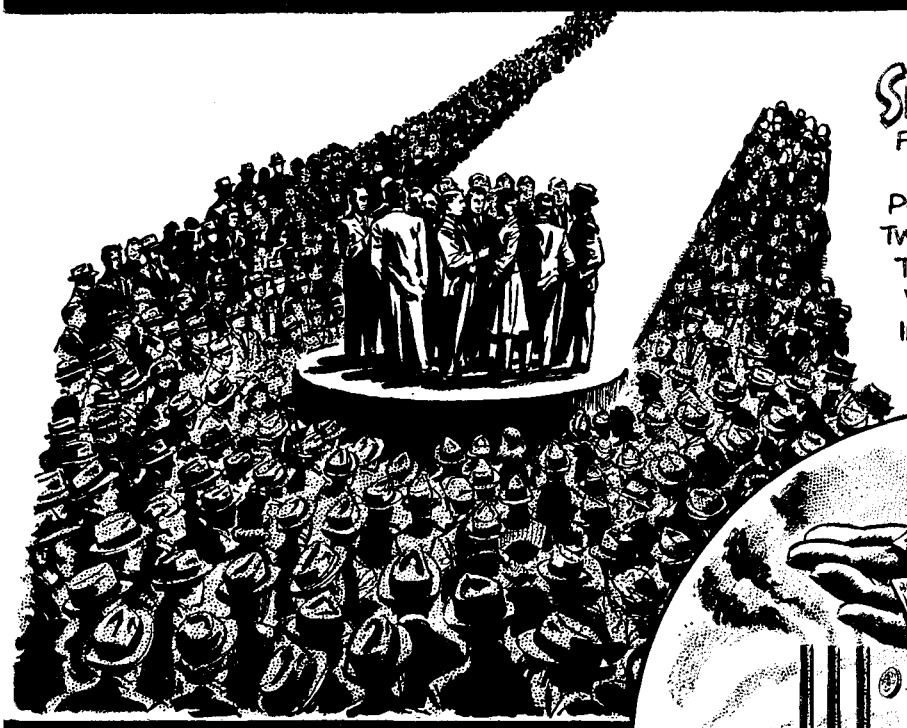
HOW FEDERAL LAW CREATES A NEW "PRIVILEGED CLASS"



SEVERAL MILLION U.S. FAMILIES AND BUSINESSES TODAY ARE IN A PECULIAR POSITION FOR AMERICANS. A TWIST OF FEDERAL LAWS PUTS THEM IN A "FAVORED CLASS" WITH SPECIAL PRIVILEGES IN BUYING ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER.

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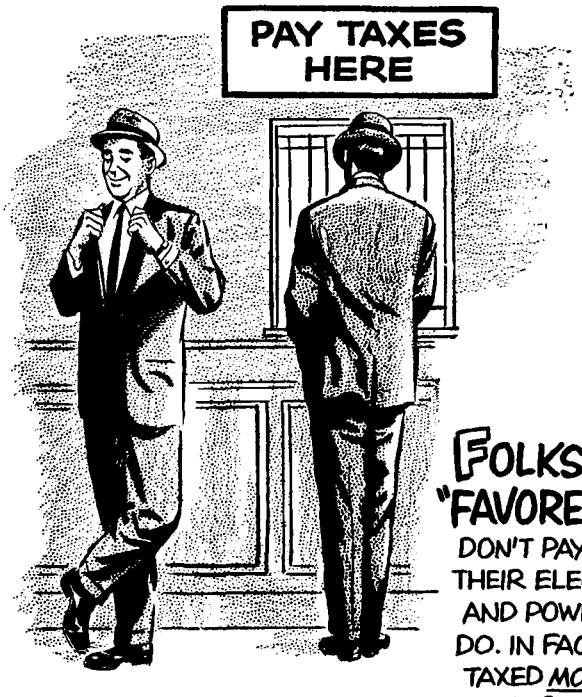

FOLKS IN THE "FAVORED CLASS" DON'T PAY TAXES ON THEIR ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER AS YOU DO. IN FACT, YOU ARE TAXED MORE TO PAY THEIR SHARE OF FEDERAL, STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.

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**Names on request from this magazine*

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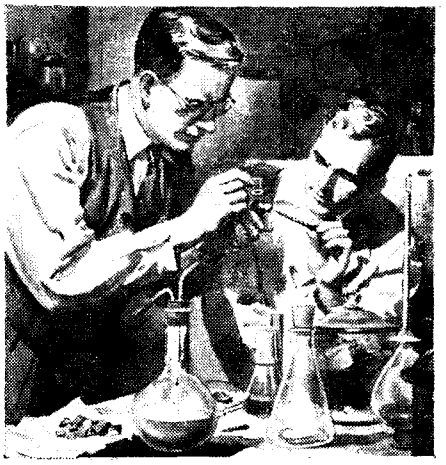
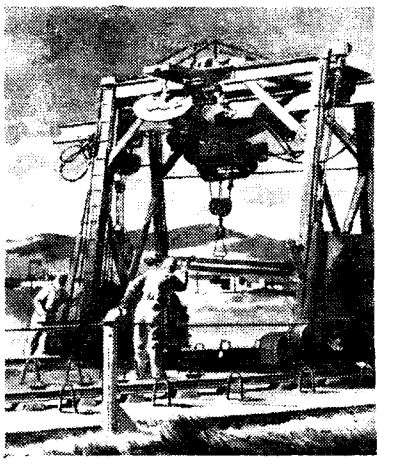
PUTTING THE ATOM TO WORK: *A Progress Report from General Elec*

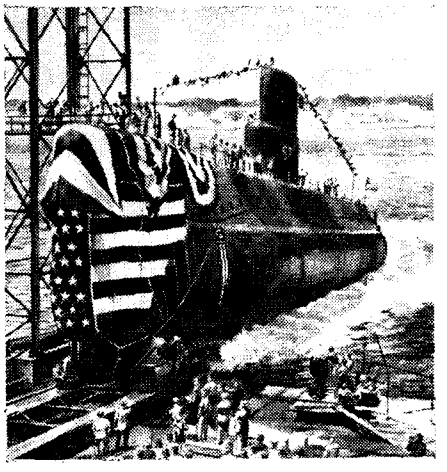


Prior to 1940 Scientists at the General Electric Research Laboratory were discovering facts about the structure of the atom that contributed to the separation of U-235 from natural uranium in 1940.

1942-45 General Electric developed and produced complex power-supply apparatus and control and instrumentation for the vast *Manhattan District* project that made the first atom bombs for the U.S.



1946 Since the end of World W General Electric has been operatin the government, the giant Hanford A Works in Washington State, prod plutonium for the nation's defense

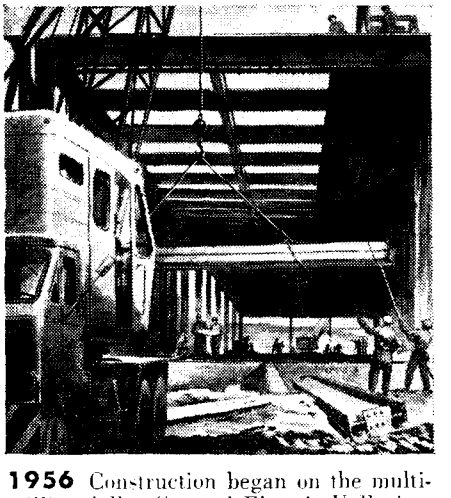


1950 General Electric was assigned the job of developing an atomic power plant at the Knolls Laboratory for the U.S. Navy submarine *Seawolf*. The *Seawolf* was launched in 1955 for final outfitting.

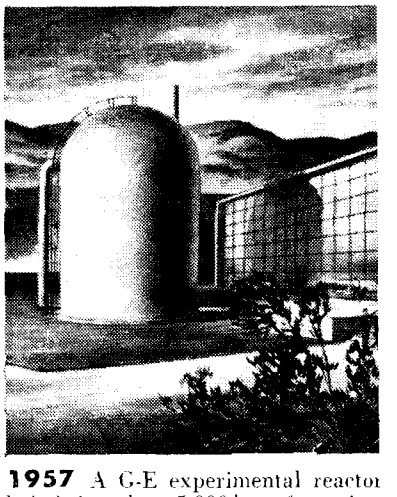
1951 Work on the development of a nuclear propulsion system for aircraft was begun by General Electric for the government at Evendale, O., and is continuing here and, more recently, at Idaho Falls, Id.

1955 America's first commerciall tributed atomic electricity came fro prototype reactor G. E. built for the *wolf*. The contract for Canada's first a station was awarded to Canadian

1956 In addition to domestic orders, General Electric — through the International General Electric Co. — announced sales of an atomic research reactor for Spain and a power reactor for Latin America.



1956 Construction began on the multi-million-dollar General Electric Vallecitos Atomic Laboratory in California. It is dedicated to developing civilian uses of atomic energy, and will be completed in 1957.



1957 A G-E experimental reacto help bring about 5,000 kw. of atomic p to the San Francisco area. Steam fro reactor will be furnished Pacific G Electric, which will generate the p

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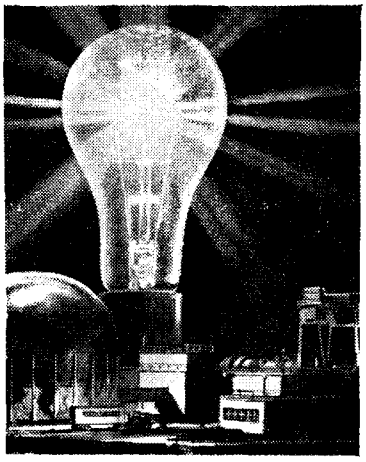
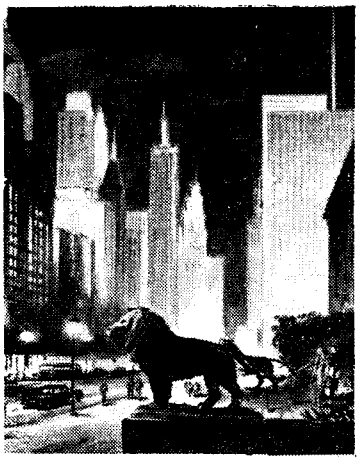
General Electric, under contract to
.C., has operated the Knolls Atomic
Laboratory in Schenectady, N. Y.,
946, where research into applica-
atomic energy is being conducted.



After Congress opened atomic
ment to private industry, General
established a department that is
ng, developing, manufacturing and
ing atomic reactors and equipment.



The Chicago area is scheduled to
000 kw. of atomic electricity from
d's largest all-nuclear power plant,
uilt by G. E. for Commonwealth
nd the Nuclear Power Group, Inc.

What General Electric is doing to help bring America atomic-electric power

New atomic laboratory will open next year; world's largest all-nuclear power plant to operate in 1960

Two years ago, Congress opened the development of the atom to private industry. In that short time, America's businesses, working with the government, have made significant progress toward practical atomic electricity while continuing needed defense work for our country.

At General Electric, major contributions to the defense effort are, of course, a vital part of the company's atomic operation. This work requires an unusually high number of our scientists and engineers — about 2,250 of them plus thousands of other skilled people. But since the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, we also have made major investments in both manpower and facilities to put the atom to work in electric-power production and other civilian uses.

Currently, one of the company's major projects is the design and construction of the world's largest all-nuclear power plant—Commonwealth Edison's Dresden Station near Chicago. This 180,000-kw. plant is scheduled for regular operation by the end of 1960.

Providing the "tools"

To help solve the technological problems, General Electric is taking a long-term risk by investing in a new multimillion-dollar atomic laboratory near Pleasanton, Cal. At this laboratory, an experimental boiling-water reactor will be in use in developing atomic reactors for power plants such as the big Chicago station.

Next year, this experimental reactor will help bring about 5,000 kw. of atomic electricity to the San Francisco area. Steam from the reactor will be furnished the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, which will then generate the power.

Another major investment in atomic facilities is being made in San Jose, 20 miles from the new laboratory. Here will be the headquarters of General Electric's civilian atomic business — plant and equipment for engineering, manufacturing and marketing power, research and test reactors, fuel elements, control systems and other components.

Pioneer fields demand risk taking

These and other commitments are being made with the realization that atomic energy is a pioneer field calling for ingenuity, boldness and financial risk taking with little prospect of a profitable return for many years to come. Today, the buyer of atomic equipment knows he is not buying the ultimate in atomic power development. And the seller, or manufacturer, pioneers by risking substantial amounts of money to do *now* what has to be done to open a new industry with future business opportunities for many companies, large and small.

As we see it, progress toward practical atomic electricity will continue only as private businesses are encouraged to continue such risk taking. The support of an informed public—and its representatives in government — is needed now more than ever before, so that America will have a competitive atomic industry that can furnish plentiful, economical power to all.

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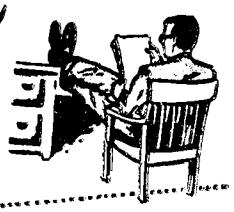

That contemporary phenomenon, the business executive, has been of late the subject of a number of movies, television dramas and novels.

The portraits appearing on screens (both those small enough to fit in between your bookcases and the drive-in varieties large enough to block the most majestic landscape) have been little more than caricatures. And even those appearing in books, where the extra dimensions permit a greater degree of truth, have sometimes born little resemblance to the real thing.

But there is now an accurate picture of the executive drawn by the executives themselves, and edited by the staff of *Fortune*.

For many years *Fortune's* editors have been studying the life, habits and psychology of this unusual species, and the results of their studies have been incorporated into a new book, called appropriately "The Executive Life."

This book tells you everything there is to know about executives: who they are and how they got that way; how hard they work and how much they are paid for it; how they get raises (there's useful information in this chapter for all of us); how they are fired or retired; and, finally, how to become one.

I was fascinated by this highly readable book, and enlightened by it, too. I recommend it to any man who works or employs someone, and to any woman who wonders whether she really likes the idea of her husband in the executive suite.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Executive Life," by the editors of *Fortune* ($3.50) will be published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., one week after Labor Day. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller, or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located on Wall Street. Thoughtful executives are urged to discuss with their booksellers placing bulk orders for their subordinates' Christmas. You don't have to wait until December, either; a gift of books can turn any day into Christmas.

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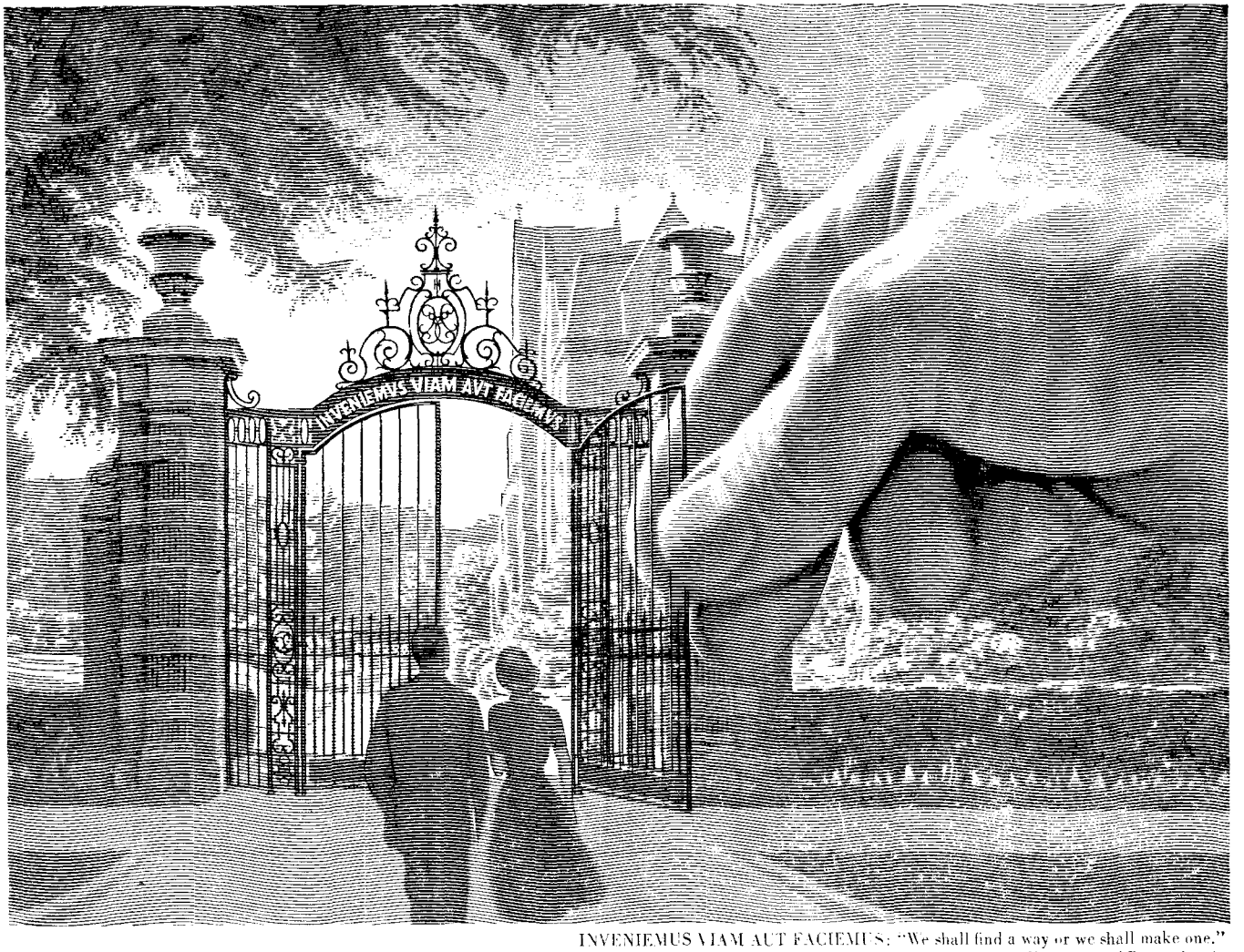

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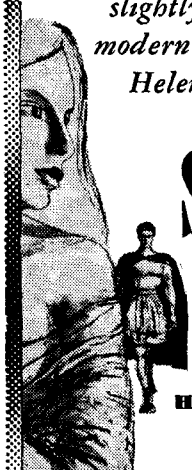

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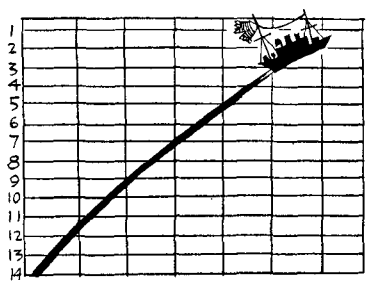
TRADE Winds

13-10-2-1. If a book appears as number 13 on *The New York Times* best-seller list one week, say on July 22, then a week later jumps to 10, then on August 5 to 2; and by August 12 the very top spot—then you have what's known as a runaway best seller.

And that's what a young man named William Brinkley has, in his "Don't Go Near the Water." And Random House has it with him.

13-10-2-1 had not yet happened to this delightful series of comedy sketches about the Navy and public relations therein when I read the book in galley way back in February, but I wrote then that "Ensign Max Siegel will become a byword overnight . . . a byword for exactly what, I don't know, but a byword."

It's gratifying to see that he's on his way. I've never met Bill Brinkley, but several long talks by phone about those galleys showed him as unpre-



tentious as his Ensign Max. Which, when you're dealing with authors of runaways, is a big help.

DURING THE WAR Mr. Brinkley disobeyed his own injunction, for three years, and all over the place.

"Even when I was plucked out," he said, "to do stories for the *Stars and Stripes* I went out on just about everything afloat, from landing craft to PC's to PT-boats to baby carriers to cruisers to destroyers."

All this took place in the Mediterranean and then in the Pacific, ending with Okinawa and the occupation of Japan. Which makes quite a lot of seafaring for a minister's son born in Custer City, Okla., who grew up and went to school in various inland states. In 1940 Bill Brinkley was graduated from the University of Oklahoma, winning a Phi Bete key and also what he now calls "some sort of Sigma Delta Chi award for being the outstanding student in the School of Journalism."

He became a cub reporter on *The Oklahoma City Times*, and then on *The Washington Post* in the capital. That was 1941. "After the war," he said, "I went straight back to *The Post*, which seemed nicely willing to have me around. In 1950 I started on *Life*, doing articles."

He is still attached to *Life*, and

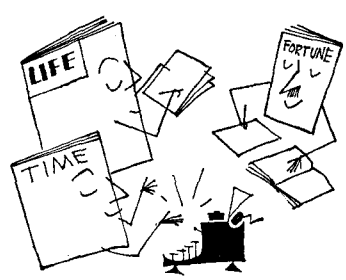
though he's on leave until October he means to stay attached, loosely, "to keep in touch with people, the source of all writing."

Which can only mean that he hasn't been dizzied by that 13-10-2-1 jump upward, nor by book club, reprint, and movie monies totaling more than $400,000.

DOESN'T ANYBODY OVER AT Time, Inc. do anything these days but write books (in addition to getting out *Life*, circulation 5,714,000; *Time*, 2,000,000; *Fortune*, 285,000; and *Sports Illustrated*, 650,000)?

Here is a new book from Doubleday, written by five "Editors of *Fortune*," all males, assisted by twelve researchers, all females. It's "The Executive Life," and Jessie Kitching of *Publishers' Weekly* calls it "Good reading for the Gogetter, and both illuminating and entertaining for the unambitious, too." Which takes in just about all of us.

I haven't done much more than glance through this one for myself,



but I did read several chapters of still another book by still another Time Inker, "Persuasion for Profit," by Nicholas Samstag, director of promotion for *Time*, to be published this wintter by the U. of Oklahoma Press.

The final chapter, "The Promotion

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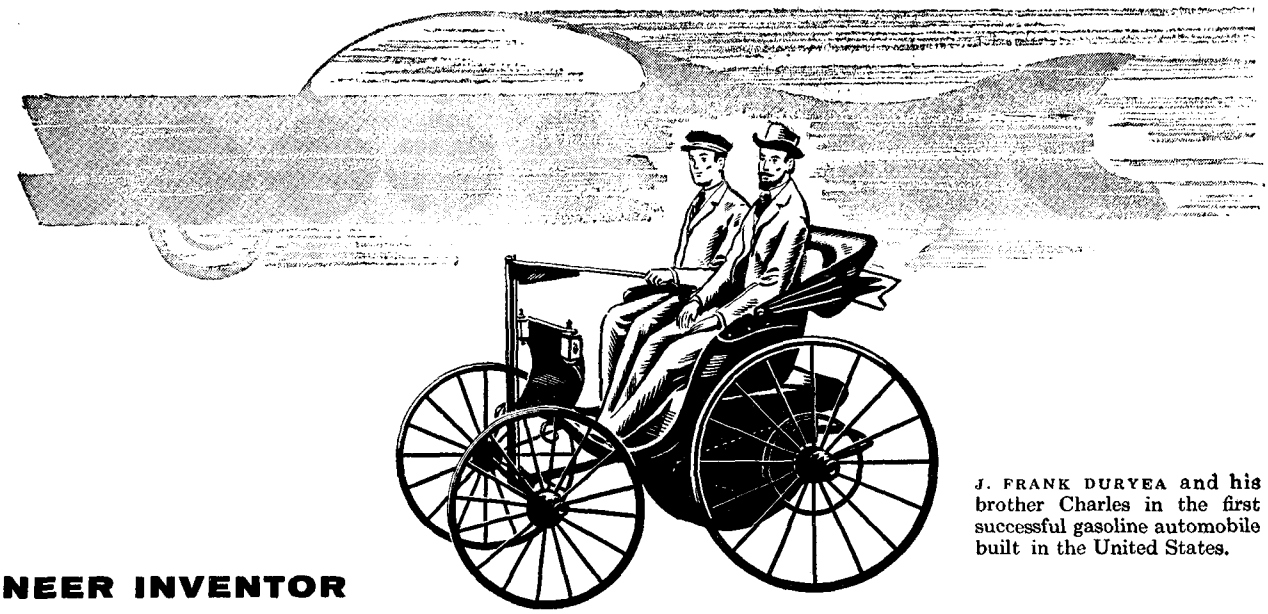

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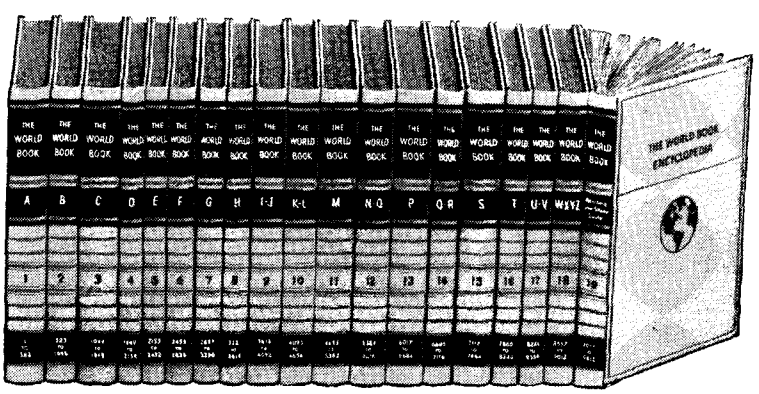

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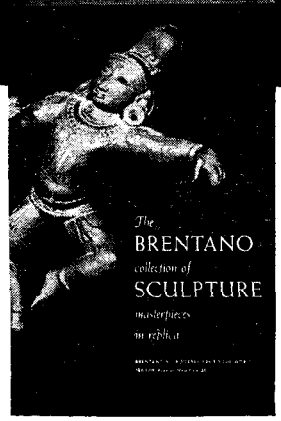

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Man, His Status, and His Conscience," may agitate the butterflies within many a gray flannel suit, but I should think it might also cause much hearty discussion, with all the therapy-in-depth attendant on same.

Incidentally, I was talking about *this* book to Doubleday's Pyke Johnson when we were discussing the other, and after a bit he asked, "What

do you suppose Jane Austen would have thought about a title like 'Persuasion for Profit'?"

WORK IN PROGRESS: Voltaire's "Candide" is being made into a Broadway musical, repeat, Broadway musical, by Lillian Hellman and Leonard Bernstein, and a young American poet who never has been illuminated by marquee lights will be the principal lyricist for it.

He is Richard Wilbur, he is thirty-five, and he has been called "one of the best poets of his generation," though who did the calling I cannot say, for the piece by Louis Calta in *The New York Times* which put quotes around the phrase did not include the phrasemaker's name.

For most of the summer Mr. Wilbur was working at Martha's Vineyard on the lyrics. There are also to be added lyrics by Dorothy Parker and by John Latouche, who died so suddenly at thirty-eight last month.

Mr. Wilbur, was born in New York, was Amherst '42, then took his M.A. at Harvard and taught English there. Now he is Associate Professor of English at Wellesley, and this first "assignment" for Broadway is his first work in the commercial theatre, but not his first in the world of the theatre. *That* was his translation-in-verse of Moliere's "Le Misanthrope," which was done last fall at the Poets' Theatre at Cambridge, Mass.

A year before that the poet had won the $3,000 *Prix de Rome* Fellowship; three volumes of his verse have already appeared: "The Beautiful Changes," "Ceremony," and "Things of This World."

Tyrone Guthrie will direct the Hellman-Bernstein "Candide" with music;

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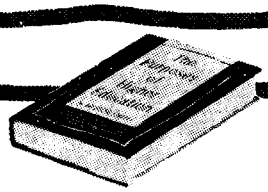

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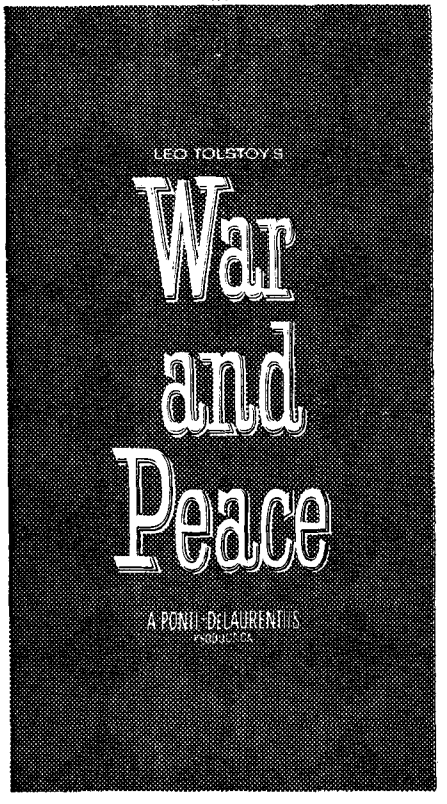

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"WINSTONS," say the commercials and the ads over and over, "Taste Good, Like a Cigarette Should"—and I get such a nasty taste in my mouth as no burned carpet could ever induce or produce.

"Live Modern, Smoke L & M," says another advertiser, and I merely grit my teeth, without benefit of filter to cushion the shock, and think, "Not a chance, Boy; I'll Live Old-Fashioned and respect grammar."

Perhaps "Live Modern" doesn't seem quite as impossible to me as the other, no doubt the result of hearing years of those slogans, Buy British or Buy American. But "like a cigarette should" finally sent me to my cherished arbiter, H. W. Fowler's "Modern English Usage," and straight into one of its typically lively little discourses:

"LIKE in questionable constructions. It will be best to dispose first of . . . the most flagrant and easily recognizable misuse of *like*. A sentence from Darwin . . . contains it in short & unmistakable form: *Unfortunately few have observed like you have done.* Every illiterate person uses this construction daily. . . ."

I guess if Darwin used it I'm a monkey to complain about Winstons aping him. Just the same, something tells me I'll never get around to finding out if Winstons Taste Good Like a Cigarette Should or if Winstons Taste Terrible, like *like*-as-a-conjunction tastes. Me, I like syntax and grammar and I hate to see them go up in smoke. —LAURA Z. HOBSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: TRADE WINDS *is being conducted by Laura Z. Hobson while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1171)

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Or limply ask what they can do
about it. . . .

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Will see us back to where we have
begun.

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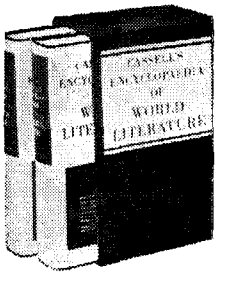

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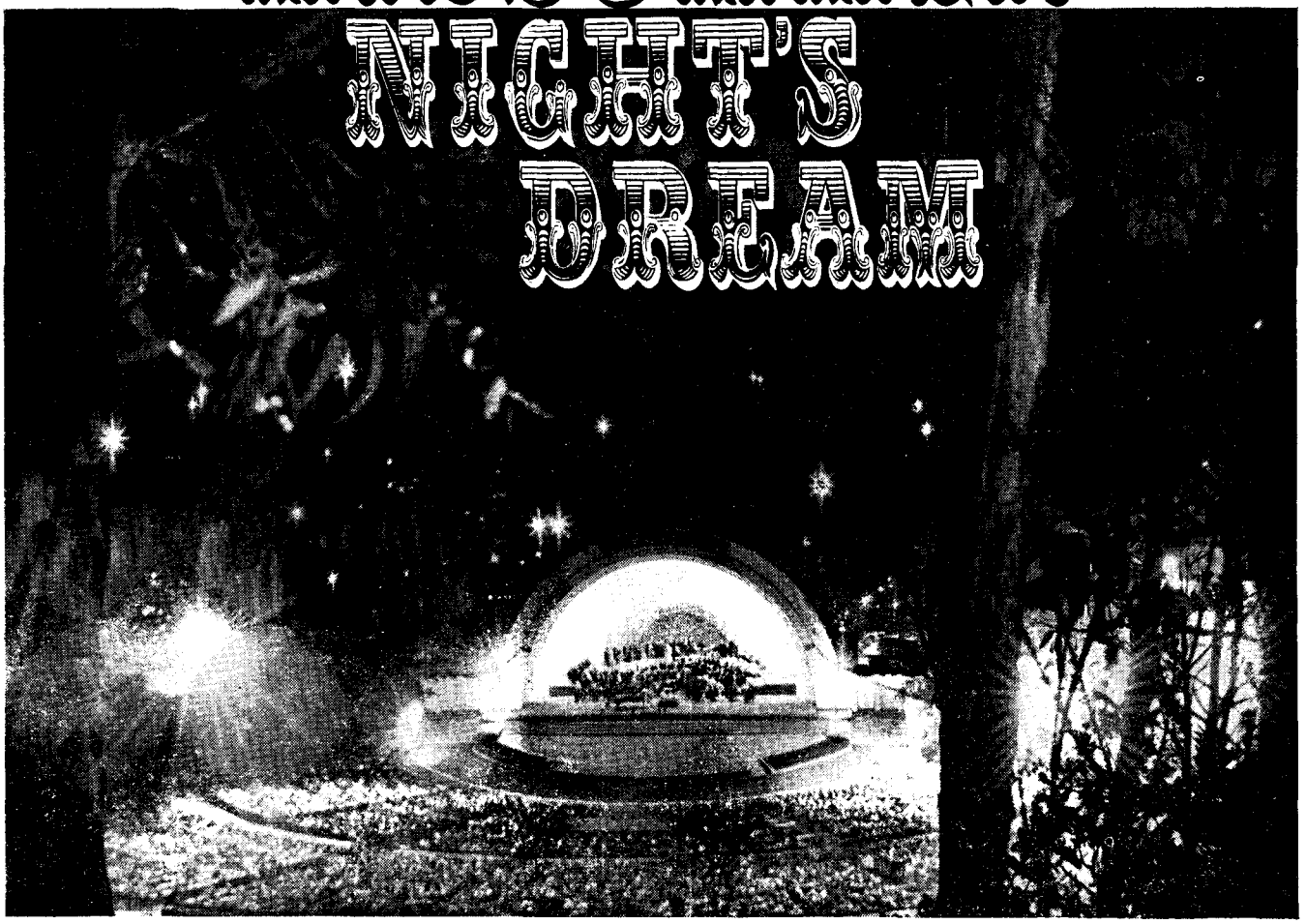

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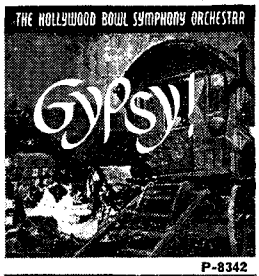

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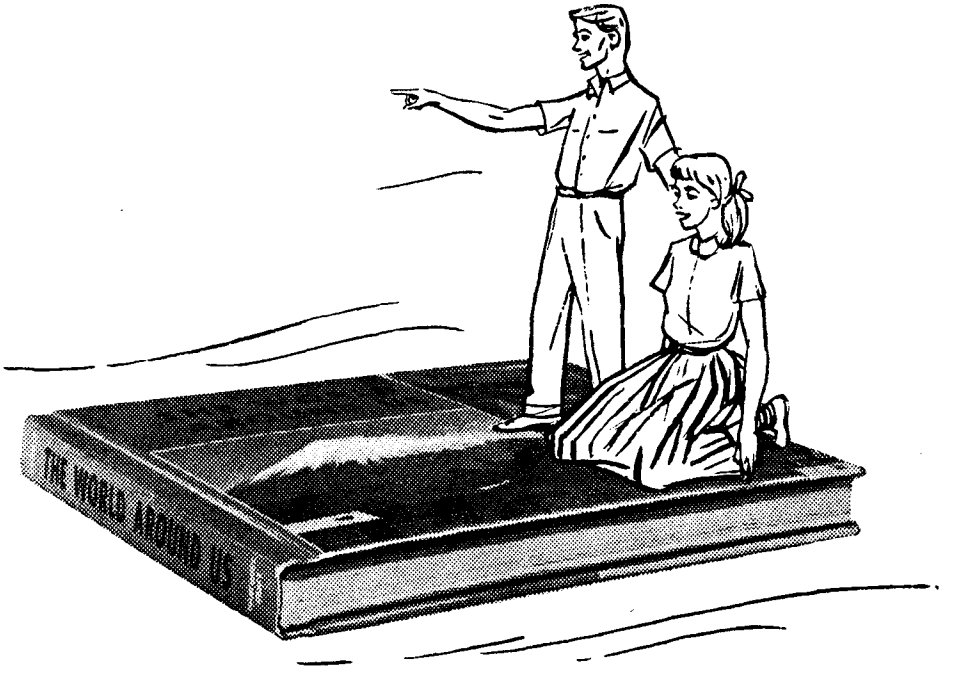

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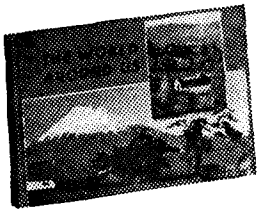

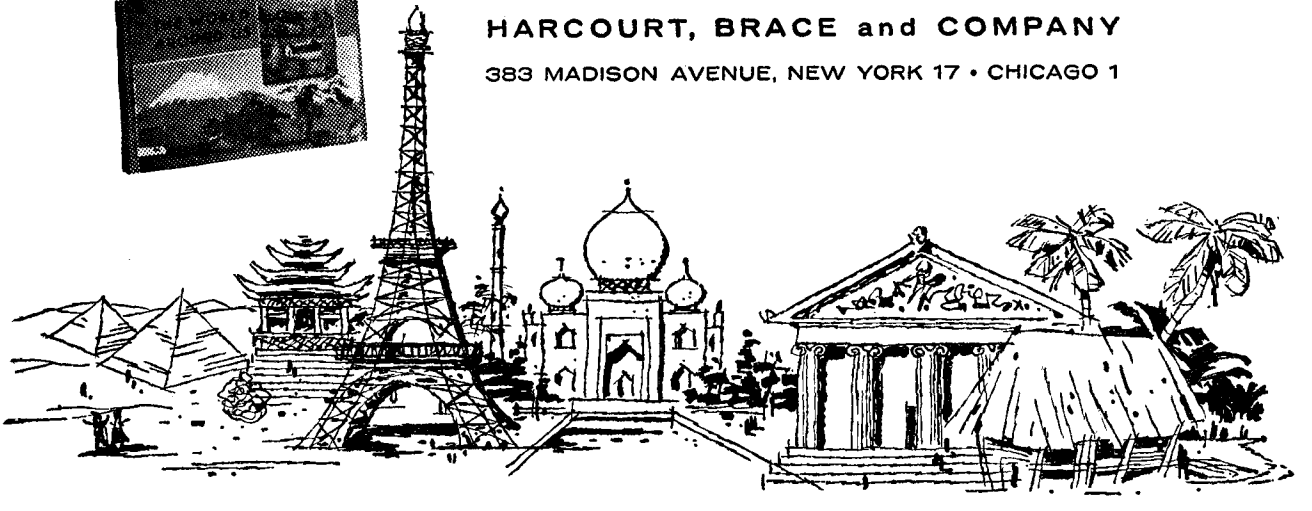

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 8, 1956

THE QUAKERS MEET THE RUSSIANS

Six Americans Report on a Tour of the USSR in Europe and Asia

Thirteenth-century Zagorsk monastery near Moscow.

The world has become accustomed to imaginative Quaker undertakings in the arts of peace. Generally these undertakings involve relief work, one of the most historic of which took place in the Soviet Union after the end of the First World War. Recently six prominent American Quakers visited the Soviet Union, this time on a fact-finding mission. The report growing out of that visit, the editors believe, is one of the most searching and valuable documents on the nature and meaning of Communist power that has yet appeared. We have asked for and received authorization to publish some of the highlights of that report. Members of the fact-finding group were Clarence Pickett, Hugh Moore, Stephen G. Cary, Wroe Alderson, Eleanor Zelliott, and William B. Edgerton. The full report is obtainable from the American Friends Service Committee, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia (35¢ a copy).

WE WENT to the Soviet Union as ordinary tourists and not as the special guests of any Soviet organization. This fact deserves some emphasis, for one's experiences as a visitor in a Communist country are greatly influenced by one's status. Since Communist states are by nature strongly hierarchical what the foreign visitor can see and do will depend to a great extent upon the influence of the group that sponsors his visit. Overall control of travel is retained by the Government which, through Intourist, must give approval to travel plans before tickets are issued. In our case we were not able to fulfill our interest in visiting the Baltic regions and forced-labor camps. Other major requests were granted, although some features of our itinerary as originally planned had to be altered. We were unable, for example, to take a boat trip on the Volga between Gorki and Kuibishev and to visit Buzuluk, where Friends had maintained a relief headquarters during the 1923 famine, but in both these instances we were convinced the difficulty involved lack of facilities and the relatively uninfluential status of Intourist itself rather than any basic objection to our plans.

• • •

When two nations are engaged in war the logic of the struggle usually leads each side to believe that victory must take precedence over everything else. It would be hard to find an example in all history of a nation that faced a conflict between its moral principles and military victory and deliberately chose to remain true to its moral principles at the price of military defeat. Virtually everything in Communist conduct that shocks the moral principles of non-Communists can be explained in terms that are familiar and even acceptable to most non-Communists when demanded by military necessity in time of international war. The list would include systematic spying, censorship, assassinations, mass killings, the taking and killing of hostages, imprisonment without trial, the spreading of false propaganda, the deception of the enemy (whether a class or nation) by any effective means, mass starvation, sabotage, bribery, and the use of provocateurs and informers. We need to look back no further than World War II and the Korean war to find examples of all these acts committed at one time or another by both sides—not because either side wilfully preferred to engage in such acts but because both sides were forced by the logic of war to choose between engaging in these acts and risking defeat. And we can find them all in the history of the Soviet Union. For the leaders of Russia—in both ideological and political campaigns—tend to conduct their affairs under the aspect of military necessity.

This class-war logic of Marxist-Leninist doctrine naturally presents a very serious obstacle to persons of

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good will who disagree fundamentally with Marxism but at the same time are concerned about creating genuine peace and mutual understanding between the Communist and non-Communist worlds. In Communist eyes the very fact of rejecting Marxist-Leninist doctrine places a person in fundamental error and makes him a potential, if not actual, enemy of the truth and its guardians, the Communists.

At the same time there are several reasons why men of good will should not despair of eventually breaking through this wall of misunderstanding and suspicion that Marxist-Leninist doctrine creates around its adherents. First of all, Communists could not avoid being human beings even if they wished to, and as human beings they are far too complex to be adequately explained by their own doctrines. Second, the very emphasis they put on the cult of science and on the dialectical nature of all phenomena may make it easier for them eventually to recognize the contradictions between their Marxist interpretations of reality and reality itself. Third, now that Marxism-Leninism has become the official religion of the Soviet state and now that one of the requirements for getting ahead in Soviet life is proper observance of its rites, it already shows evidence of producing counter-reactions.

• • •

In so large a nation as the Soviet Union (nearly three times the size of the United States) flying is the only way to cover long distances within the time limits of the usual tourist visa; and so with three exceptions all our travel between cities was done by air. Our experiences were the same as those of other tourists—the two-motored planes flying very low, the lack of seat belts and certain other safety precautions to which we were accustomed in the West, the dirt runways, the punctuality of arrival and departure. Our reserved seats, usually grouped together in the front of the plane, reduced our opportunities to get into conversation with Russians.

In the course of travel we found that as far as Soviet cities are concerned the Western visitor is not subjected to the kind of police surveillance that has been persistently reported by travelers in earlier years. With only a few exceptions we were able to wander at will and alone around the cities, observing without interference the showplace and the slum, the new and the old, the rich and the poor. As far as farm visits were concerned these were made on an approval basis to farms selected by local officials. For this reason there is no doubt that they were representative of the better rather than the poorer side of Soviet agriculture. On the other hand, we made most of them in areas not frequented by tourists and therefore to farms not geared especially to entertaining visitors, which from our standpoint made the experience more valuable.

• • •

One of the strongest impressions we received of Soviet society, whether urban or rural, is what the Soviet leaders themselves call its "monolithic" structure. "All power to the Soviets" was among the slogans the Bolsheviks used in their struggle to gain control of the government in 1917, and that slogan has been fulfilled literally in the Soviet Union. Such concepts as separation of powers, political pluralism, or sovereignty of the people play no part in Soviet thought or action. There is no complex network of independent civic clubs, professional associations, business groups, labor unions, veterans' organizations, political parties, women's clubs, church groups, and other organizations like those that compete for a citizen's loyalty in an open society and in turn give him an opportunity to make his influence felt. All the numerous organizations in the Soviet Union (with the possible—and partial—exception of the churches) are controlled directly or indirectly by the Communist Party. We noticed doors marked "Party Section" when we visited Moscow University, the office of a leading newspaper, and a branch of the Academy of Sciences. These doors had their counterparts in all other Soviet organizations except the churches.

The extent to which the position of the Communist Party has become a permanent fixture in the thinking of the average Soviet citizen may be judged by the story we heard from a native Russian about a foreign visitor from a non-Communist country who was having trouble getting tickets for an event in Moscow.

"Why don't you get your embassy to help you?" a Soviet acquaintance suggested.

"Oh, they wouldn't bother with a matter like that," the foreign visitor replied.

"They wouldn't!" the Soviet citizen

STALIN AND CHINA

By George E. Sokolsky

DURING the revolutionary days of 1917-18 I used to go to the Smolny Institute in Petrograd every day to pick up items for the *Russian Daily News,* which was my job. Lenin, Trotzky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Bukharin, Radek, and a host of others, including Stalin, were there rushing about, attending meetings, taking over power.

Of these men the most interesting were Lenin and Trotzky, and of these two the one who made the most lasting impression upon me was Trotzky. Lenin had a bourgeois look about him, but Trotzky was a picturesque revolutionist.

There were not too many Bolsheviks at the beginning. The larger parties were still the Social Revolutionaries and the Peasant parties. Figures like Chernov and Tseretelli carried greater weight than any Bolshevik at the moment of the downfall of Kerensky. But it was not many months after November that more and more power went to the Soviet and more areas of authority were taken over by the Bolsheviks.

Nevertheless, when I left Petrograd in March of 1918 it was not too many miles into Siberia that we came to non-Bolshevik territory, and after Irkutsk was passed the range of authority moved from islands of Bolshevik power to the White Russian holdings of Admiral Kolchak and Ataman Semenov.

Stalin was not a great factor in those early days. He was the Commissar of Nationalities, a position that had to do with the various races other than the Russians who inhabited Russia. He was not yet Secretary-General of the Communist Party. That position was held by Bonch-Bruevich, whose name seems to be altogether forgotten now. Stalin was undoubtedly burrowing for power, but the

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great men were Lenin and Trotzky.

I saw Stalin in those days, and while it is true that a man changes with power, which corrupts even as opium does, it is more likely to distort than fundamentally to change the nature of the man. Stalin, as long as Lenin was alive, was a scheming, intriguing number two, a shy, afraid man in the presence of the heroic Trotzky, the intellectual Bukharin, the literary Radek, the beautiful Kollontay.

Later, when the Russian Communists came to China to help first Sun Yat-sen and then Chiang Kai-shek to take over the country, it was possible to hear the gossip of the emerging quarrel between the Stalinists and the Trotzkyists. In 1920, when the Russians first showed up in China, most of them were Trotzkyists and the manipulator of the China policy was Karl Radek. Adolph Joffe, who negotiated the contract for aid to Sun Yat-sen, was a Trotzkyist and did not last too long; Michael Borodin, who was master of China between 1925 and 1927, upon his return to Russia was reduced to an extremely lowly position and was lucky that he was permitted to live. Bluecher, who went in China by the name of Galens, subsequently became a Marshal, organized Russia's Far Eastern army, and was liquidated by Stalin.

The original leader of the Chinese Communist Party, Chen Tu-shiu, professor at the Peking National University, was a Trotzkyist. The Chinese party was Trotzkyist. It was not until Russian-trained and educated Chinese returned to their own country that Stalinists took over their party: Chu Teh, Mao Tze-tung, Li Lih-san, Chou En-lai, and others who are now leaders.

Just as in Russia the Communist Party had no mass support at the beginning, so in China it was not a mass movement. Rather it was a product of a mass movement, the Students' Movement of 1919 which spontaneously came into existence to protest the signing of the Paris Treaty because Woodrow Wilson had agreed to the Japanese Shantung terms of that treaty. The Students' Movement did not die after the Chinese Government agreed not to sign this humiliating treaty. It proliferated movements of all kinds, from the organization of the Communist Party to changes in the styles of women's clothes in the larger cities. Thousands of Chinese boys and girls went to Russian territory to discover how the Russians managed to get rid of the imperialists.

This was not Marxism; it was nationalism. It was not an anti-capitalist movement; it was an anti-imperialist movement! The number who became Communists was much smaller than the number who became Nationalists. Had China had support between 1919 and 1931 to rebuild, to reorient, it might have produced a powerful democratic state on a capitalist basis. Battered by Japan, by Russia, by all the European powers, quarreling between the Kuomintang and the Communists, China never had a chance during those years to find stability and strength. Young men became discouraged and many of them joined the Communists believing that Russia was the only anti-imperialist nation on Earth.

The Russians, under Stalin, worked on the conquest of China by Chinese Communists. They worked at it constantly and consistently, reinforced by American, British, French, and other European Communists. Only the Japanese sensed the danger and it was one of the reasons for Japan's invasion of Manchuria in 1931. But that invasion was an error because it consolidated China against Japan, weakened Chiang Kai-shek, strengthened the Communists, produced an inflation, to which the United States Treasury contributed, and ended in the conquest of China by the Communists.

Stalin thus achieved by his methods what Lenin, Trotzky and Radek had failed to do and Czarist Russia had failed to do: namely, the conquest of China.

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exclaimed. "Then why don't you go straight to your embassy's Party cell and protest?"

• • •

The average Soviet citizen has no information whatever about the outside world except what has been filtered through the officially controlled Soviet channels of communication. He is deeply concerned about peace because he knows the cost of war. A member of our group once asked directions of two women on the outskirts of Moscow and was almost immediately drawn into a conversation about their great fear of war and desire for peace. When he told them the American people shared both their fear and that desire the two women looked genuinely surprised and relieved. Then one of them said thoughtfully, "Yes, that makes sense; I'm sure the American *people* don't want war—it's just the capitalists!" (In answer he told them he had heard the same thing about them in America: "The Russian *people* don't want war—it's just the Communists!")

Virtually everywhere we found immense pride in the achievements of their Government—a pride that is all the greater because most Soviet citizens have no means of comparing these achievements with those of other countries. This pride is nowhere more apparent than in the realm of their educational achievement. Indeed, the satisfaction felt by the Russian people in their new opportunity for education is one point where Government policy has won an endorsement that far exceeds passive acceptance. It has been necessary to educate the masses in order to carry out industrialization and to build support for Marxism, but there is no doubt that the people have genuinely benefited in the process.

• • •

The well-placed Party functionary, the army officer, the successful artist or scholar, the farm or factory manager, and the Stakhanovite all enjoy a standard of living and an exemption from many of life's problems that set them apart from Soviet society as a whole. In this respect Soviet society is no different from any other: it has a privileged class and a laboring mass, and the spread between the two is not dissimilar to that which is found, for example in the United States. In the Minsk tractor plant we were told that the monthly wage of an apprentice worker was 350 rubles, and in Moscow we learned that the rector of the university receives 12,000 rubles a month, or almost thirty-five times as much. This is roughly equivalent to the difference in earnings between the office boy and the president of an American corporation.

There are, however, some important qualifications to comparisons of this kind. First, the number of persons in the "comfortable" income brackets in the Soviet Union would be relatively much smaller, and the number in the lower income brackets much larger. This difference is even more striking when one realizes that the Soviet income tax has a maximum of only 13 per cent, as compared to the American maximum in the highest income brackets of 91 per cent. Second, it is important to remember that the Soviet citizen does not compare his lot with that of his

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American counterpart, of whom he knows nothing, but rather with the lot of his own father and grandfather.

• • •

Undoubtedly the most serious problem for the city dweller is adequate living quarters. All the cities we visited, whether large and cosmopolitan like Moscow or small and provincial like Penza, had a housing shortage that dwarfs similar problems in Western Europe or America. The shortage of living accommodations is by no means accepted without complaint by the city dweller. Indeed, it seemed to us that public dissatisfaction in housing matters was more vigorously manifested than in any other area of daily life.

It is significant that the loudest laughs we heard at the Moscow circus were in response to a housing joke. One clown rushed to the center of the circus ring shouting that he had just written a book.

"What about?" asked a second.

"Boy meets girl," said the first.

"Ah, a story!"

"They fall in love."

"A romance!"

"They get married and find an apartment."

"A fable!"

The Soviet system is so highly centralized and bureaucratized that competition plays a very insignificant role as an incentive to the improvement of the quality of new construction. Apart from propaganda efforts to arouse a sense of social responsibility in the worker the chief incentive he has is the piece-work system of wage-payments with its bonuses for "overfulfilling" the norms established for each job. This system emphasizes quantity rather than quality, and the effects are to be seen throughout Soviet production, but nowhere more clearly than in building. We saw a school building in Penza that had been completed only one year but was already undergoing major repairs. We saw numerous examples of serious deterioration in buildings that had been standing no more than three or four years.

• • •

There seems to be virtually no parallel in the Soviet Union to the suburban developments that are found in Western countries. Even on the outskirts of Moscow the new living quarters one sees under construction are not single houses standing on their own plots of ground but huge apartment buildings, where hundreds of families will be crowded almost as closely together as if they lived in the center of the city.

A type of private home, which is obviously for the better-situated rather than the average worker, is the *dacha*, or summer cottage, which may be located in the country a few miles from a major city or in some distant resort area, such as the Crimea. Privately owned houses may be bought and sold or rented. When we asked an Intourist guide what kept Soviet citizens from buying more than one house and renting the extra ones as a source of income we received the reply, "Why should anybody want more than one house?" This answer struck us as being based more on the Soviet ideal than on Soviet reality, if we may judge by such Soviet newspaper articles as the recent one in *Izvestia* exposing the Smolensk bureaucrat who was transferred to Moscow in 1953 and left his Smolensk apartment in charge of his grown daughter, who was said to rent part of it at a high price. "This case is not unique," added *Izvestia*.

• • •

In Moscow, Stalingrad, and Leningrad we noted that state stores offered few fresh vegetables and even less fresh fruit. Meat and dairy products were available, but the customer had to stand in queues to get them, and the supplies were sometimes exhausted before all were served. The scarcity of these items is emphasized by the state-store window displays which consist of dummy meats and dairy products considerably deficient in the socialist realism that is the official watchword of Soviet art. In general the state stores provide a good supply of canned foods including some meat and fish products as well as vegetables, fruits, and jams. In the collective farm markets the city dweller can find good supplies of fresh food, but unless several members of the family work the average family cannot afford to buy heavily. For example, we noted that beefsteak was selling at the twenty-six collective-farm markets that are scattered over Moscow at the equivalent of about $1.40 a pound. Fish was 60 cents a pound, eggs 15 cents each, flour 50 cents a pound, and carrots 35 cents a pound. Figuring the value of the ruble at the same rate—10 cents—the earnings of the average worker or clerk are only $80 a month. In one state store in Moscow we saw a sizable stock of Russian caviar in cans labeled in English, and learned that this was caviar originally prepared for export to the United States before the Cold War brought East-West trade to a standstill. Some of the stores also sell bottled champagne, wine, and vodka, and constitute the principal source of alcoholic beverages since the closing of public-drinking places in connection with the current campaign against alcoholism.

Incidentally, ice cream is as popular in the Soviet Union as in the United States and is sold everywhere from small white enameled pushcarts by white-aproned women—the Soviet equivalent of the Good Humor man.

• • •

Clothing is the Soviet family's chief financial problem. All clothing is expensive because of short supplies, and the average family must sacrifice at

(*Continued on page 56*)

—*Eleanor Zelliott.*

Clarence Pickett (left), Stephen Cary, Hugh Moore, and William Edgerton standing with friends near the Kremlin.

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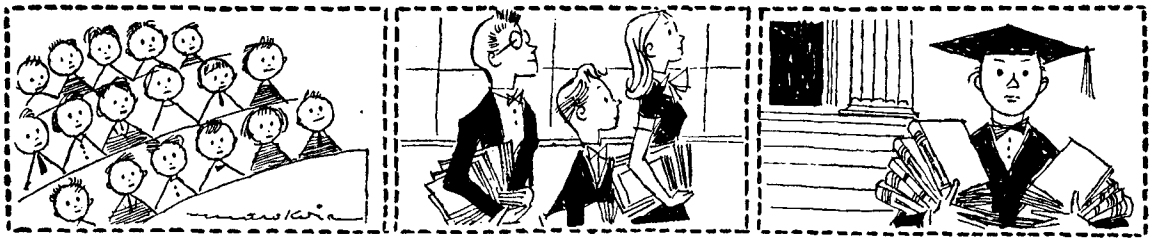
NEW RIDDLES FOR OUR SCHOOLS

SR's Annual Education Survey



WANTED: QUALITY AS WELL AS QUANTITY

Education in the News, 1956-57

By FRED M. HECHINGER, *associate publisher,* Bridgeport *(Conn.)* Herald; *author of "Adventure in Education"; formerly education editor,* New York Herald Tribune.

IN 1956 the University of Illinois served notice on the high schools that by September 1960 its freshmen will no longer be offered a course in remedial English. In plain words this means that the pupils who will be entering high school this fall are expected to be fully prepared to enter college four years later—or be turned down.

This may seem an odd introduction to a survey of the current education scene. But the Ultimatum of Illinois may well mark the turning of the tide: a new search for quality within the mass education system.

More than ever before, schools and education leaders this past year began to check their academic inventory. This is what they appear to have found:

The dream of universal education has pretty completely come true. The first phase of the American public school epic is coming to an end. In the second phase it would have to be demonstrated that quality need not be plowed under by quantity. From the original goals of mere literacy and "life adjustment," mass education now is required to raise its sights to a deeper understanding of things past, present, and future.

Equally important as the Ultimatum of Illinois itself was the fact that it was coupled with an offer of help to the high schools. Instruction pamphlets were made available to clarify the nature of the new standards and requirements. Proof that the university was on the right track came with a rush of requests for the pamphlets—not only from schools in Illinois but from across the nation.

There were other straws in the wind:

The University of Minnesota resolved, by a faculty vote of 161 to 82, to restore its foreign language requirements for a liberal arts degree.

Several other colleges announced that they again require a foreign language for admission.

● The most widely publicized event of the past education year was the White House Conference. It had been approached with a strange mixture of skepticism and jubilation. Across the country local preparatory meetings were held, and the schools were analyzed and debated more thoroughly than ever before. But at the same time there were persistent, angry warnings the conference would be "stacked": against action—especially against action to provide Federal aid to ailing school districts.

The impossible happened: both the pessimists and the optimists were proven wrong. How?

The unprecedented assembly, working almost to the point of exhaustion around 180 round tables which reflected the views of 1,800 delegates, gave the lie to the "stacking" charge. It recommended action, and recommended it strongly; by a vote of better than two to one it urged Federal aid to school construction.

But after the delegates went home—and despite complete agreement on the need of Federal aid among the leadership of both the Eisenhower Administration and the Democratic shadow cabinet—Congress once again defeated all Federal aid proposals. The surface reason given for this non-action, in total disregard of popular, professional, and political demands, was the anti-segregation amendment sponsored by Representative Adam C. Powell. In actual fact, a study of the vote showed that anti-aid congressmen used the high-minded excuse to hide lower-register motives. As a result the optimists were proven wrong, too. (*For a report on the killing of the Federal school aid bill, see page* 24.)

Despite the immediate failure to get the necessary fiscal action it was generally agreed that the White House Conference served a vital purpose, and served it well; a corps of several hundred press, radio, and television reporters highlighted the needs of the schools as they had never been brought home to the public before.

● The aftermath of the historic Supreme Court decision which removed constitutional approval from racial segregation still held the spotlight. Most dra-

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matic in the color battle was the outburst of violent mob action against Miss Autherine Lucy, the first Negro student to be admitted to the University of Alabama. After much bungling by University authorities the school reversed itself and expelled Miss Lucy, and it was at this point that Thurgood Marshall, the lawyer of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, made a little-noted statement that is likely to go down in history. Asked what he intended to do next he shrugged and mused that there comes a point when Negroes get tired of fighting to save the souls of the white people.

But even the apparent defeat of equality in Alabama seemed only like an impotent rearguard action. There is strong evidence that within one year a Negro student will actually attend the University of Alabama—despite the mob. Moreover, the ringleader of the anti-Lucy student minority was also expelled.

Across the country there were strong indications of slow but real progress toward integration:

Several all-Negro colleges found, as soon as they removed the color-bar-in-reverse, a strong influx of white students.

Florida's Congress of Parents and Teachers called for "realistic planning" of desegregation.

In the District of Columbia practically all hitherto segregated schools are now "mixed."

Despite some bitterness about 300,000 Negro and white children who had been segregated only a year before were attending school together.

Perhaps most important, the Democratic Party platform, which emerged at the 1956 Convention in Chicago, accepts the Supreme Court decision against segregation as a legal *fait accompli*—without revolt by the very leaders of the South who had earlier denied the legality of the ruling.

● A strange new controversy that had been simmering for some time beneath the surface erupted in 1956: Although it is generally admitted that the teacher shortage is not only serious but beyond remedy by conventional means, some of the more "radical" suggestions for a new look and new action ran into heated opposition:

Foremost among the advocates of strong and decisive action was the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education. For several years it had sponsored the "teacher aide" experiment at Bay City, Mich., permitting an experienced teacher to reach a greater number of children while assisted by a carefully chosen, but untrained helper. In addition the Fund had given substantial grants for experimentation with educational television, especially the closed-circuit variety.

Although individual spokesmen for the teaching profession had long opposed such proposals and charged that the old cliché of one student at the other end of Mark Hopkins' log was being replaced by the new cliché of 50,000 students at the other end of a coaxial cable, no official counter-statements had been made.

Then, in June, the "opposition" took its gloves off. The National Education Association, through the *Journal of Teacher Education,* reviewed the Bay City plan. In its separate studies it praised and criticized objectively various aspects of the experiment. But in an editorial it was less detached, spoke of "propaganda to sell the teacher aide plan to the public" and charged that "outsiders" were using "Madison Avenue" methods to put their experiment across.

But while these issues remained unresolved the climate of the country—aided by a real emergency of shortages—seemed more friendly to the bold if untried approach. This month, for instance, the entire school district of Washington County, Md., will begin to use closed-circuit TV in some of its classrooms. And many leading medical schools across the nation have already found that TV screens, strategically placed throughout the operating theatre, for the first time permit all the students to watch the surgeon's hands.

There were other unresolved questions:

● In New York the principals of the academic high schools accused their colleagues in the vocational schools of "dumping" their undesirable students in their academic, general education laps. The vocational educators replied that their schools never were meant to become the "dumping ground"—that word again!—of undesirables. Who is to take them? There is talk of a third kind of school for these unfortunate youths, but almost certainly such a suggestion will run into charges of "undemocratic" action. So far, no answer.

● Instead—more questions. Questions, for instance, on the success or failure of the junior high school plan. Does it really help to bridge the transition from grade to high school? Or does it merely water down the contents and aims of education. The argument grew louder. The answers still are blurred.

● But as to the general charge of "watering down" or of an educational "tossed salad" (a term used by Father Theodore Martin Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame), it became clear—remember the Ultimatum of Illinois!—that the people were shifting to the side of harder, more demanding schooling.

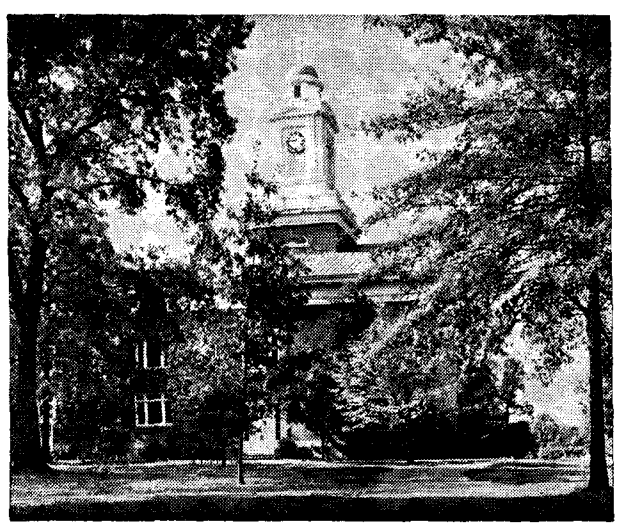
The reading controversy died down. Partly, perhaps, because the furor of a year ago forced educators either to explain what they were doing or to do better. But there were the beginnings of new storm clouds. Mathematics threatened to be the next weak link to be singled out. The Carnegie Corporation of New York released a thorough, documented report on this "national weakness." Here are some of the startling findings:

—62 per cent of the colleges must offer remedial courses in high school algebra;

—a third of the states require no mathematics for the certification of math teachers;

—in most states a teacher can be certified to teach

(*Continued on page* 55)



—*Berea College.*

"Schools were never meant to be dumping grounds."

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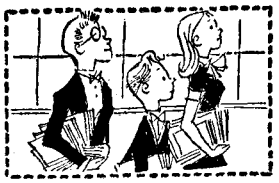


AFTER HIGH SCHOOL: THE NEXT CRISIS

Educators and Laymen Tackle Higher Education's Vexing New Problems and Come Up With Ingenious Schemes

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

TO WASHINGTON late last fall came a host of American citizens, many of them bearing briefcases bulging with pamphlets and reports. There were housewives, businessmen, teachers and parents, professional educators (and, in some cases, professional lobbyists). They had gathered in the nation's capital to discuss a matter of burning importance, the education of the nation's school children. A few days later the delegates to this White House Conference on Education scattered to their homes, most of them confident that they had done their job well. But two months later, on January 12, 1956, President Eisenhower submitted to Congress a Special Message on Education. In it he said: "Our vision would be limited if we failed at this time to give special thought to education *beyond the high school.* Certain problems exist now in this field, and already we can foresee other needs and problems shaping up in the future."

Briefly, the most important problems to which the President was referring were:

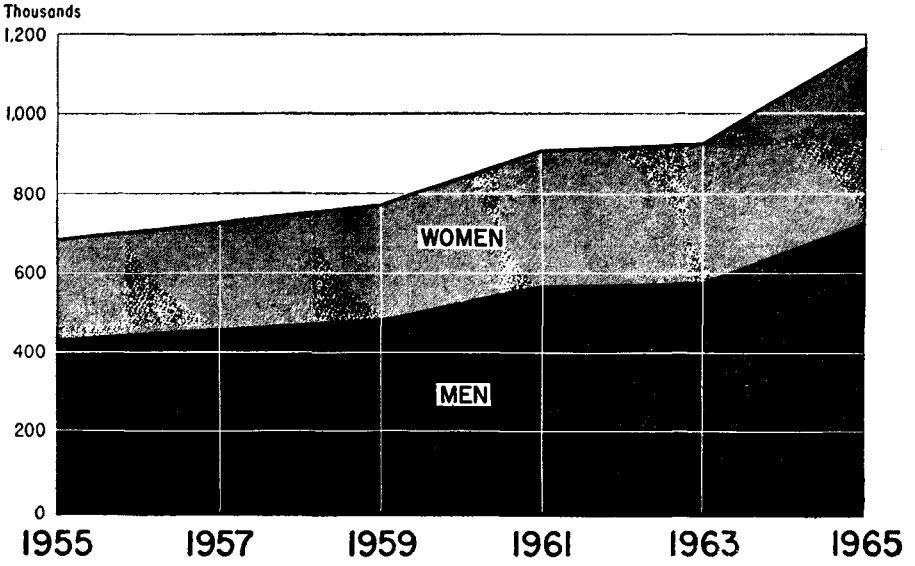
● The problem of enlarging college and university facilities in order to take care of the enormous number of World War II babies who, now grown, are threatening to swell college and university enrolments to almost hysterical proportions. Said the President of this problem: "Within ten years, we may expect three students in our colleges for every two who are there now."

● The problem of equipping the present generation of American youth, by such means as junior colleges, technical schools, on-the-job training, and other resources, to cope with the country's—and the world's—increasingly technological culture. Said the President of this problem: "Shortages now exist in medicine, teaching, nursing, science, engineering, and in other fields of knowledge which require education beyond [high school]."

To observers who have followed recent educational trends these problems came as no surprise. They well knew that the enormous increase in college and other beyond-high school enrollments had already taxed the country's higher educational facilities and that as the enrollments swelled still more the country would need to discover drastic methods of enticing more teachers into colleges, of providing ample buildings for the jam, of organizing colleges and other schools more efficiently, and, perhaps most of all, of finding the money with which to do so—a problem which, in itself, again brought up, and on a higher educational level, the troublesome question of Federal aid to education.

The problems were tremendously complicated. For some years now they had been the chief concern of such educational organizations as the American Council on Education, and, in March, following the President's action, the ACE held a meeting at which a report of the scope of these problems was drawn up. Then the President appointed a Committee on Education Beyond the High School, consisting of thirty-three of the country's leading educators and businessmen and headed by Devereux C. Josephs, chairman of the board of the New York Life Insurance Company and a former president of the Carnegie Corporation. Today the ACE report, together with some personal comments from Mr. Josephs (since the Committee he heads is still a long way from making any report), constitutes the best available summary of the vast range of the problems which post-high school education faces.

The report of the American Council on Education is a 125-page booklet whose chapter headings themselves, though they are phrased in scholarly fashion, give a fairly complete picture of the scope of the problems of education beyond the high school. Some of them: "Educational Opportunities Beyond High School Demanded by the American People as a Whole" . . . "Demands on Higher Education to Supply Skilled Manpower to Meet the



THE STUDENT BOOM

By 1965, as is shown by this graph prepared by the U. S. Office of Education, enrolment of both men and women in institutions of higher learning will have almost doubled, thus causing the educational planners a major headache. As graph shows, the number of women students will increase approximately to 1,100,000, and the number of male students, too, will then catch up with the present number of women students.

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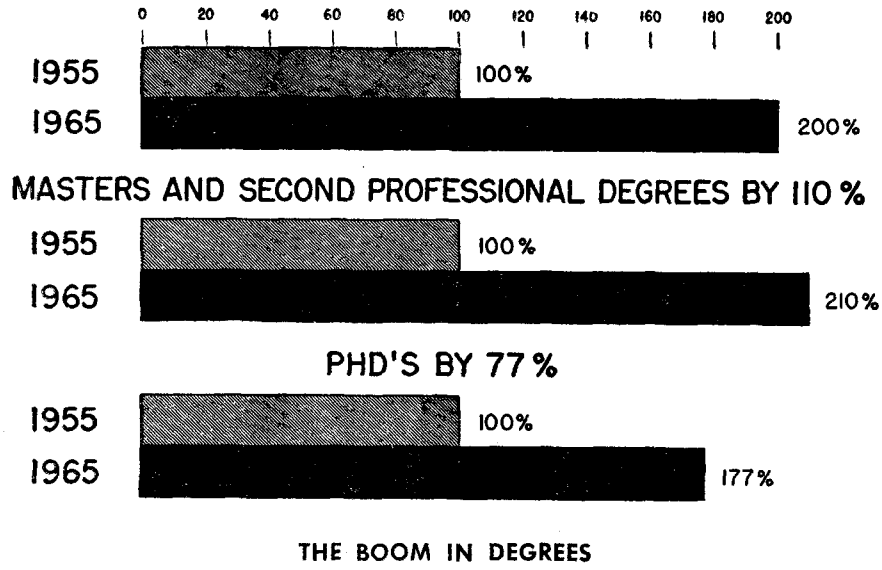

THE BOOM IN DEGREES

Like the increase in the number of students, as shown in the graph on page 21, the number of college and university degrees granted to the students will also almost double by 1965. Of these degrees, the greatest increase will be found in the number of masters' degrees awarded in 1965, according to this chart, which was prepared by the U. S. Office of Education.

Needs of the Economy" . . . "Services of Higher Education Which Meet National Needs for Which the Federal Government Has Special Responsibility" . . . "Higher Education's Consequent Need for a Larger Supply of Qualified Students"—and, of course, "The Need for a Larger Supply of Qualified Teachers" and "The Need for Expanded Facilities."

Frank H. Bowles, director of the College Entrance Examination Board, attempted to sum up the demands of the American people for higher education at the ACE meeting in this fashion:

"(1) the development of more new professions and semi-professions with supporting programs of education leading to new degrees;

(2) continued emphasis on technological education;

(3) increase in graduate education for teacher education, the further development of advanced professional education, and probably some further development of existing graduate education;

(4) increased emphasis on talent searching, guidance, and placement for the better use of both human and educational resources;

(5) continued shrinkage, percentagewise, of the liberal arts groups within higher education, counterbalanced, from the liberal arts viewpoint, by continued increase in the liberal arts content of professional education." The meeting then considered the various phases of the resulting problems as outlined in the chapter headings of the report (excerpts from which are to be found in the columns on page 23 of this magazine).

Basically Mr. Josephs's committee is in agreement with ACE on the scope of the problems. As a layman, however, Mr. Josephs tends to emphasize the non-college segment of post-high school education. "Our assignment," says Mr. Josephs, "is to study *all* education beyond the high school. Only 30 per cent of those who continue their educations go on to colleges and universities. We want to think of the other 70 per cent, too. In other words, we must also study the needs of those who don't go to college. What will be *their* requirements for getting an education? The blue-collar worker today, for example, has to have far more theoretical and technical knowledge than did his predecessor of 1910. As a result the demand for more non-college education after high school is increasing just as rapidly as is the demand for college. . . . Perhaps we should get a little closer to a merging of an education for living and of an education for livelihood. We have a complicated society in which an increasing number of people need education beyond the high school in order to make a living."

But if Mr. Josephs is aware of the fact that his committee has been set up to study non-college as well as college education, he nevertheless emphasizes that the colleges and universities are central to the whole problem of higher education. As chairman of the President's Committee he is also fascinated by the conflicting ideas and by the schemes and counter-schemes which have been suggested as solutions to today's problems. All these in turn add to the scope of the basic problems and he is completely aware of that fact.

For example, Mr. Josephs cites the very basic question of who should go to college—a question which might well influence the college enrollments of ten years from today. Says Mr. Josephs: "There has long been a popular misconception that a degree and an education are the same thing. Maybe more people ought to go to college, but there certainly ought to be more self-analysis before they go. There ought also to be more guidance available for those who think they need to go to college. People often go to college for no particular reason. They have just accepted the idea that a degree is an education or the idea that they need a degree in order to get a job. (Perhaps the country's employers need a little guidance in this line, too. Some employers want to hire college graduates to punch punch-cards.) It is this type of problem, with all its ramifications, which ought to be studied by everybody who is interested in the problems of education beyond the high school."

Other questions, among many, which Mr. Josephs thinks should be discussed:

- Should not salaries for college instructors be more nearly equal to the

A.B. OR UNION CARD? Of all the questions raised by a study of the problems of education beyond the high school, none has proved more interesting than the problem of what to do about the current value, or lack of value, of an A.B. degree. To many educators the degree seems to have lost its original meaning, having in many cases become far easier to obtain than it should be and, in some cases, having become regarded primarily as a sort of union card to a good job instead of the symbol of an education. As a result some educators have argued that the A.B. degree is a meaningless academic degree and that the requirements for obtaining it should either be raised—or lowered. Those who favor weakening the requirements for the degree argue that it might very well be awarded after two years of college. Those in favor of stiffening the requirements argue, of course, that it should be awarded only to students who have completed four years of college. Their conviction: stiffen the requirements and the A.B. will regain its original scholarly significance.

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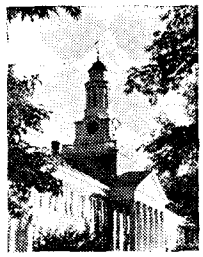
salaries of lawyers and members of other professions?" "A wise man once summed this up in one sentence," says Mr. Josephs, "It was: 'A teacher ought to be able to earn enough to reproduce himself so that he can afford to give his children an education equal to his own.' Otherwise we have a dying society. But this brings up the question of Federal aid and that in turn brings up the questions of whether education is a local or a Federal affair and of whether it is, as in the case of many colleges, a private affair—or whether it is a public affair."

● What systems of scholarships should be set up in order to assure to worthy students a post-high school education? "At one university, at least, the administration is planning to ask its alumni to pay at their convenience the difference between the actual cost of an education and the amount the student had paid as an undergraduate," says Mr. Josephs. Other educators, however, have suggested a system of progressive tuition whereby seniors would pay more than freshmen and, presumably, might be willing to do so because it is worth more to them. (At the same time this makes a two-year education cheaper for those who want to go only that far.) To some members of Congress a series of national scholarships appear attractive. (Says Mr. Josephs: "Such a system may require that examinations be set up and perhaps the people who win such scholarships are simply those who have the ability to win competitive examinations. They may not have the same measure of ability to profit by an education.") Or perhaps, again, one phase of the problem of scholarships can be solved by college loan funds. ("Right now," says Mr. Josephs, "many students won't go through college unless they can do so on scholarships. In some colleges the loan funds are not being fully used.")

To Mr. Josephs all these problems are well worth the consideration of his President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School. But he emphasizes that these are only suggestive of the scope of the problems and that members of his committee have a wealth of ideas. It is his hope that the country's citizens will also begin to think much more about the problems of higher education. Last month, in order to spur such thinking, four sub-committees of the President's Committee were appointed to explore many of these problems, and next month, when the subcommittees report to the full committee in Washington, more problems will undoubtedly be added to the growing list of those worthy of consideration.

Four New Riddles



In a booklet entitled "The Strength to Meet Our National Need," the American Council on Education has published a complete report of its March meeting on the problems of education beyond the high school. Here, as recorded in this booklet, are a few quotations from speakers at the meeting:

On the educational demands of the American people:

● [It has been pointed out] that some thirty-five million adults are now taking post-high school work.

On the demands on education to supply skilled manpower:

● There is an increasing demand by industry, education, and government for people trained in law, engineering, or science, and also for teachers, government servants, and administrators. The increasing demand is partly due to an increase in population and to the currently high level of civilian and military technology. Perhaps even more important in explaining the increasing demand is the whole dynamic trend of increasing productivity, diversity, and complexity of industry and business. . . . We know from the results of our studies that this spring the demand in the field of engineering for new graduates will probably be about 60,000. . . . That is clearly far beyond the number we can produce.

● I should like to interject a plea for those who enter the professions to be considered as broadly as possible. . . . From time to time it becomes necessary to review whether or not specialized training to prepare people for specialized functions may not narrow them too greatly with respect to the needs of the human beings they are expected to help. So if a profession is one of ministering, and its functions sometimes need to be transferred to corporations—as in the manufacture of drugs, for example, where, in bygone days, the individual farmers themselves compounded the remedy prescribed by a physician—if today that function is highly mechanized and the product is produced in a far-off place, it must still be administered to a human being, and the heads of the corporation who deal with this production must have the same ethical concepts as those which dominated the thinking and activity of the individual who at one time performed the operation for himself. This is perhaps an argument in favor of broad cultural training as well as specific training for some given profession, and something that should have the attention of all who are engaged in the education of young men and women who hope to enter professions that will deal particularly with the individual and with the individual's health.

● In the face of the competition from the other segments of the economy—from business, from industry, and from government—our problem is very great. I think there already is some danger that the liberal arts have been attracting second echelon minds to some extent, and this situation is going to get worse.

On the shortage of teachers in institutions of higher learning:

● We have, at this moment, about 190,000 men and women teaching in American colleges. That provides a ratio of about one instructor for every thirteen students. If we assume that same faculty-student ratio, and assume that the same proportion of boys and girls of college age will continue to attend college—neither of which assumptions is necessarily accurate—we will need 250,000 college teachers by 1960, and 495,000 by 1970. I say neither of these assumptions is necessarily valid because the 13-to-1 ratio is a matter of circumstance and practice which has never been proved to be a matter of necessity or of optimum procedure, and the proportion of young people attending college is not a fixed proportion.

● I wonder whether we had not better take a new look at the way in which we talk about salaries. We have always recognized that working conditions are important and help greatly to bring us valuable members of the faculty whose services are not recompensed adequately by salaries. But shouldn't we be talking rather of making teaching one of the best-paid professions, whether it is quite at the level of industrial salaries or not?

On the shortage of buildings in institutions of higher learning:

● Basically the need for expanded facilities in higher education during the next fifteen to twenty years will be directly proportional to increasing enrollments. Unless better utilization of present and planned facilities can be realized in the future it will be necessary to build, within twenty years, as many classrooms, laboratories, offices, and other buildings as now exist on all the college and university campuses in the entire United States.

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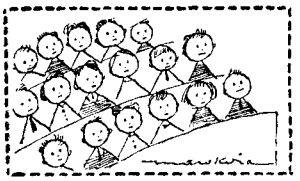

WHO KILLED FEDERAL AID?

A Capitol Hill Reporter Analyzes the Forces That Struck The Death Blow to the 1956 School Construction Bill

By BESS FURMAN, *Washington Bureau*, New York Times.

AS EVERYONE who really cares about the public school crisis knows only too well, the legislation for federal aid to school construction so overwhelmingly endorsed by the White House Conference on Education last November met a strange and violent death on the floor of the House of Representatives this July 5. Its peculiar last throes were interrupted for a day to celebrate this country's glorious freedom, which a couple of generations ago included enough free schools to go around.

Since the identity of the assassins of the education bill is sure to be a subject of charges and counter-charges in the coming Presidential campaign it might be well to make an advance analysis before sheer emotionalism sets in. This analysis of course is merely one woman's opinion, but it happens to be that of a woman in Washington who has had her eyes focused on the subject for a couple of decades and would enjoy witnessing a solution of the problem so that she could look elsewhere.

The school bill died of the following causes, given in the order of their lethal effect:

(1) Indifference to the very young and stubborn refusal to advance with the times—or Old Fogeyism.

(2) The Powell Amendment to preclude payment of funds to schools not racially integrated in accordance with the Supreme Court Amendment—or New Fears.

(3) Last-minute partisan politics in a campaign year—which might be termed Uncalculated Risks.

Old Fogeyism—Theoretically, the House of Representatives is closer to the people than the Senate and, one would therefore assume, closer to the schools. However, due to the way the seniority system works among an extremely hardy strain of seat-holders, when one looks at the Congressional hierarchy the kindergarten seems far away indeed. The Speaker and the Minority Leader are bachelors past seventy. The man who for fourteen years has been chairman of the committee that considered the education bill is Rep. Graham Barden of Tennessee, who has long been the bill's open foe. An even more deeply-dyed arch-enemy is Rep. Ralph Gwinn of New York, a veteran member of the education committee. No hardier opponent could be found than Rep. Howard Smith of Virginia, chairman of the Rules Committee charged with clearing the legislative way. As a group the House leadership seems as remote from children and their problems as the distant stars. More remote, really, for childhood at least has a "twinkle-twinkle" relationship with the stars.

In the years of astronomical advance since World War II the House habitually has been able to find a way to furnish Federal funds to match with the states to build anything for the public weal—except schools. This last session it voted billions for roads, millions for hospitals, hundreds of thousands for plants to control water pollution and for construction of medical research facilities.

But when the question of building schools comes up the old saying that Federal funds mean Federal control of education starts up again, even though those funds are poured only into concrete and window glass. No amount of reminding that not one whit of Federal control took place in the schools built by Lanham Act funds during World War II will down this outcry.

The mascot of the Federal-control school of thought is the Cliché Camel. This animal—so hardy he has developed three humps and can live forever without food or water—has been stalking the corridors of the Capitol since time was. He is ready at any moment to stick his nose under the tent-flaps of any welfare bill.

It was Rep. Martin Dies, Texas Democrat, who trotted out the Cliché Camel during last July's debate on the school bill, but if he hadn't done it, many a colleague, from both sides of the aisle, surely would have. Said Mr. Dies to the school bill proponents: "I know you disclaim any intention of Federalizing the public schools, but those of us who have witnessed the steady encroachment of Federalism upon state institutions know that in the beginning you are always modest in your pretensions and your claims, but once the camel gets his head under the tent he will never take it out."

And if the Cliché Camel had Mr. Dies scared, it was as nothing compared to its effect on Rep. Stuyvesant Wainwright II, New York Republican. He acknowledged during the debate that he had introduced the Eisenhower Administration version of the Federal aid bill at the request of Marion B. Folsom, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

> I should never have introduced that bill [he said]. The Federal Government should stay out of the local school districts. . . . Historical analysis proves that the evil leaders of each and every totalitarian state, on seizing control of that state first put their paws on the educational system of that nation. You can say that it cannot happen here and maybe it cannot. But let us not give it a chance to happen here.

Obviously the Administration made a mistake if it chose Mr. Wainwright to introduce its version of the school bill with any idea of getting it through the House in the last session. That version never came before the House committee in hearings.

The truth is the Eisenhower Administration was very slow in becoming a champion of Federal school construction legislation. It had to hold state, local, and national conferences to get a mandate from the people to pro-

—Wide World.

Congressmen Dies . . .

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ceed. But it did get the mandate. Maybe if this mandate had been obtained in a national election in which congressmen opposed to building school houses had been counted out, the school bill would have fared better.

One great trouble is that schools are remote from practical politics. Put it this way: If all the legislation that came before Congress were a graduating class, that bright boy, veterans legislation, would be dubbed in the year book "Most Likely to Succeed." The voting potential of veterans is regarded as close to 100 per cent.

That political dullard, education legislation, could be singled out as "Easiest to Defeat." There is not a single vote among all the grade and high school boys and girls in America. Their parents don't act as a political bloc. Neither do their teachers. As a lobby the National Education Association spent but $27,726 from January through June, at the height of the school bill fight. This is less than the proverbial peanuts compared with other lobbies that leap to mind —American Legion, American Farm Bureau Association, National Association of Manufacturers, and U.S. Chamber of Commerce. These big outfits lobbied tirelessly against the school bill as if their nights had been made sleepless by visions of camels' noses under tents.

IT IS not surprising that the only large swath education cut on Capitol Hill in recent years was when it became the beneficiary of veterans legislation. As a result of this happy political accident a whole generation of young people came home from the battlefields to receive a far better education than they otherwise would have had. As they took their engineering, chemistry, and radar courses these G.I.'s, Wacs, and Waves married their classmates and moved into G.I. housing on the campus built with the help of the Federal Government. On graduation they went into industry and helped set apace a terrific increase in production and prosperity. They got their government loans for private housing, set up the New Suburbia, and now are living happily ever after.

Although the school bill was defeated in the last Congress, its cause is not hopeless. There begin to be signs that Old Fogeyism could lift like the fog from which it is derived. The bill made more progress in the legislative halls this year than it ever made before. Public school educators seem to be starting to learn their political ABC's. At a meeting of the National Education Association held in Portland, Ore., while the House was debating the school bill, the NEA lobbying fund was almost doubled and teachers were advised to find out this fall how their congressional candidates stand on education.

For the first time, a strong and effective bipartisan bloc backed the bill almost up to its dying gasp. This bloc was a clear majority in the House Education and Labor Committee. Thanks to it the committee voted the bill out of the hands of Chairman Graham A. Barden and out of the heckling fire of Representative Gwinn, which wasn't easy, into the hands of a subcommittee which shaped it into what the subcommittee then thought was an acceptable compromise with President Eisenhower's views. The full committee endorsed the work of the subcommittee and reported the bill to the House.

Speaker Sam Rayburn agreed that something would have to be done for the schools. At long last, the Rules Committee was able to report the bill to the floor over the head of its chairman, Representative Smith.

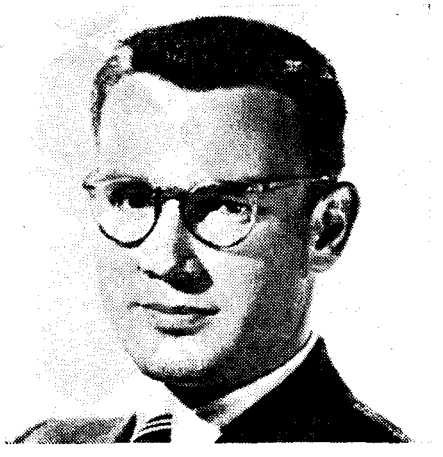
These were no inconsiderable gains.

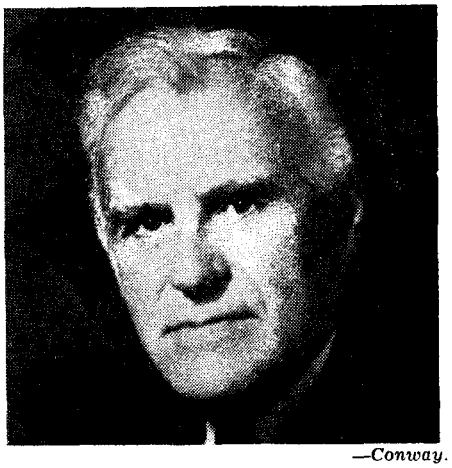
New Fears—The school construction bill of this past session was the first legislation affecting schools to come before Congress following the Supreme Court decision declaring "separate but equal" schools unconstitutional. In consequence the bill bore the whole brunt of a social reform instituted by the Supreme Court —and decreed by that court to be carried out by the courts of the country allowing a reasonable period for compliance. Resistance to the Supreme Court took dramatic forms in the South.

NO doubt the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which had been instrumental in winning the decision, was convinced that for the sake of face it was necessary to attach a pro-integration amendment to any legislation affecting the schools. Rep. Adam Powell, Negro Democrat of New York, introduced such an amendment, one of those legislation-by-pulling-up-the-purse-strings devices so deplored by political scientists and so popular in Congress. Immediately newspapers declared it a political certainty that if the Powell amendment was adopted by the House the bill would be killed by filibustering Southerners in the Senate.

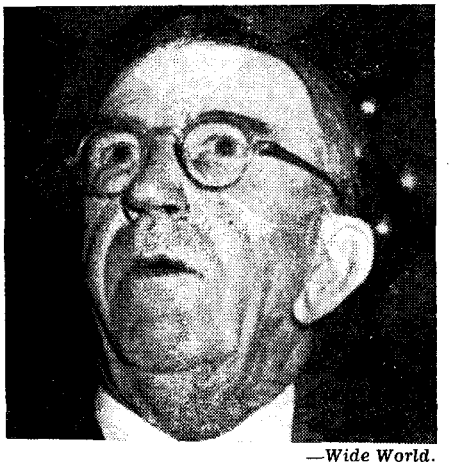
Thus, in effect, the NAACP chose

—Acme.





—Conway.



—Wide World.

. . . Wainwright, Gwinn, Howard Smith, and Barden (above)—"Since World War II the House has built anything . . . except schools."

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—Burck, in the Chicago Sun-Times.

"Say—he's bullied us long enough."

to cut off the nose to save the face. Certainly schoolrooms are badly needed in the congested city areas of the North into which Negro families are now migrating in droves—cities in which there never has been segregation. Moreover, before the introduction of the Powell amendment, a torrent of testimony had been offered that classrooms were desperately needed in the South, as money could not be found locally to build them rapidly enough to keep abreast of the bumper crops of babies this country has been producing since World War II.

It hardly seems logical suddenly to deny funds to "separate but equal" schoolhouses when 1,540 hospitals have been built in the South in the last ten years under the "separate but equal" Hill-Burton Hospital Construction Act—more than half of all the hospitals for which Federal funds were furnished. Indeed, the position taken in the Powell amendment would appear inevitably to threaten the cutting off of Federal funds to such other activities as vocational rehabilitation and education, school lunches, land-grant colleges, college housing, and research contracts with the colleges.

INDEED, so great were the new fears aroused by the mere threat of the Powell amendment at the last session of Congress that legislation to provide Federal funds for medical research and training construction was split apart. A bill for the construction of medical laboratories was voted into law, but a bill to construct medical college buildings was not even offered for consideration.

Against this legislative purse-strings approach to civil rights many a courageous liberal held out. Notable among these was Rep. William L. Dawson, Negro Democrat of Chicago. Of all the speeches made in the debate his seemed to me to go most directly to the heart of the matter. He said: "I would not deny to the children in all the states the opportunities to obtain their education because the people of a few scattered states have not yet obeyed the mandate of the Court when the way is open to hale them before the Court. This is the orderly process of our American way of life."

Others offered the legalistic arguments: For the Congress to intervene in school desegregation at this time would be a drastic interference with the judicial process. The Powell amendment would shift the determination of compliance from the local courts to the United States Commissioner of Education, who would have to be both judge and detective; Federal control, indeed.

Ironically, many a representative who feared that Federal dollars would mean Federal control of schools saw his way clear to vote for the Powell amendment. It passed both in a teller vote during which Southern members kept their seats; and by a record vote on which the tally was 225 to 192. This would appear to be terrific testimony to the political power of the Negro vote in the urban North in a campaign year.

All Southern members voted against the amendment when the tally was taken. They also voted almost solidly against the bill itself. They were convinced that no matter whether or not the Powell amendment were passed, Federal funds would somehow be withheld from segregated schools.

In the positions they assumed on the Powell amendment the Democrats ranged from Left to Right much as they later did on the civil rights plank at the Democratic Convention in Chicago. They were the same forces, many of the same faces. But there was no crusade to save the school bill in any way comparable to the determined drive for party harmony seen in Chicago.

Uncalculated Risks—On this aspect of the school bill case, advice must be given to go to your local library and read the House debate of July 3 and 5 in the *Congressional Record*. No magazine article, unless written by Rebecca West, could convey the complexities, confusions, conflicting issues, and nuances of human emotions of that scene. But it was high drama, and here is a key to some of the characters, and to some of the politics played by parliamentary maneuverers.

Crusty old Chairman Barden undertook at first to guide the bill through, expecting that the strategic spot he would thereby occupy would enable him to amend it more to his liking. He got voted down, and when others started amending it less to his liking, he bowed out in a burst of washing-the-hands-of oratory.

It soon became evident that quite aside from the threat of the Powell amendment, the bill had lost the bipartisan support so carefully contrived by Republican Carroll D. Kearns of Pennsylvania and Democrat Cleveland M. Bailey of West Virginia.

The understanding between Kearns and Bailey had been that the bill as originally introduced by Rep. Augustine B. Kelley of Pennsylvania, with its flat-grant formula beloved by Northern and Western gentlemen who wanted to build schoolhouses on the same dollar-for-dollar basis long used in building roads, would be permitted to pass the House. An amendment covering the Eisenhower steep-equalization views would be brought up but voted down. The Senate could be counted on to pass the steep-equalization formula bill, favored by the President. Under this formula exemplified by the Hill-Burton Hospital Construction bill, as the states get poorer, the Federal share mounts higher. The differences of detail in formulae would then be compromised in conference between Senate and House.

THE fondness of the Northern Democrats—and of many House Republicans—for flat grants is understandable in view of the tax education they had lately been receiving from a brilliant statistician in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare named Selma J. Mushkin. Miss Mushkin in a series of studies had computed Federal taxes on the basis of what the inhabitants of each state actually pay in taxes. For instance, the cigarette taxes collected in North Carolina and the automobile taxes collected in Michigan were traced to the smoker and auto-buyer who actually pay those taxes. Applying this method of tax-analysis to the question of Federal contribution to schools, the Northern Democrats found that the dollar-for-dollar grants provided in the original version of the bill gave the poorest state, Mississippi, a seven-to-one advantage over New York. The Administration's formula gave Mississippi a twenty-to-one advantage over New York.

When Rep. Samuel K. McConnell Jr., of Pennsylvania, who was managing the school bill for the Repub-

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licans, started seriously to press for substitution of the Administration formula for the original formula, Representative Bailey blurted out the terms of the gentlemen's agreement on the House floor.

> I feel compelled [he said] to question the good faith of the gentleman from Pennsylvania in offering this substitute plan. He was a member of the subcommittee that drafted the legislation and it was agreed that the Kelley bill would be a nonpartisan bipartisan approach to the solution of this problem . . . that this would be fought out on a nonpartisan basis and that the Kelley bill was to be defended against all crippling amendments right down the line.

Rep. Charles Halleck of Indiana, second in the Republican high command in the House, then entered the fray, obviously proposing some sort of vote-swap. What he said directly was: "We shall still have an opportunity to put the recommendation and proposal of the President in this bill and greatly enhance prospect for passage." He seemed to be saying much more indirectly. Some of the anti-Powell forces thought this meant: "I'll give you enough votes to kill the Powell amendment if you'll give me enough to pass the Administration formula." But some very realistic proponents of the flat-grant formula translated it into: "Unless an Eisenhower formula victory can be reported by House Republican leadership to the voters this fall, there won't be any aid."

Mr. Halleck, however, suddenly lost the Republican reins to that crafty Old Guardsman Representative Gwinn for what turned out to be not only an upset but an end to any chance of swapping votes on the Powell amendment. At a moment when half the members of the House were off the floor Representative Gwinn offered an amendment to appropriate 1 per cent of the Federal income tax in every state for schools. Since any move of Gwinn's was sure to be against the school bill Southern Democrats voted with him. The Gwinn amendment passed by a two-vote margin on a teller count. This automatically swept out Title I, the flat-grant formula plus the Powell amendment to it.

The backers of the Powell amendment now learned from the House parliamentarian that it was impossible for them to vote the Powell amendment back in. The only way they could register a roll-call "aye" to impress the Negro voters back home would be to first vote the Gwinn amendment back out—which would leave the old Kelley bill before the House without crippling amendment. Nor could they then reamend the flat-grants title. They would have to vote in a new title which would be Powell amendment only.

As the bill moved to the final record votes Representative Halleck again reminded his colleagues: "If the President's proposals are ignored passage of the bill will be seriously jeopardized."

The watered-down Powell amendment got its record vote. The McConnell move to substitute Administration for Kelley formula was defeated. The school bill was voted down.

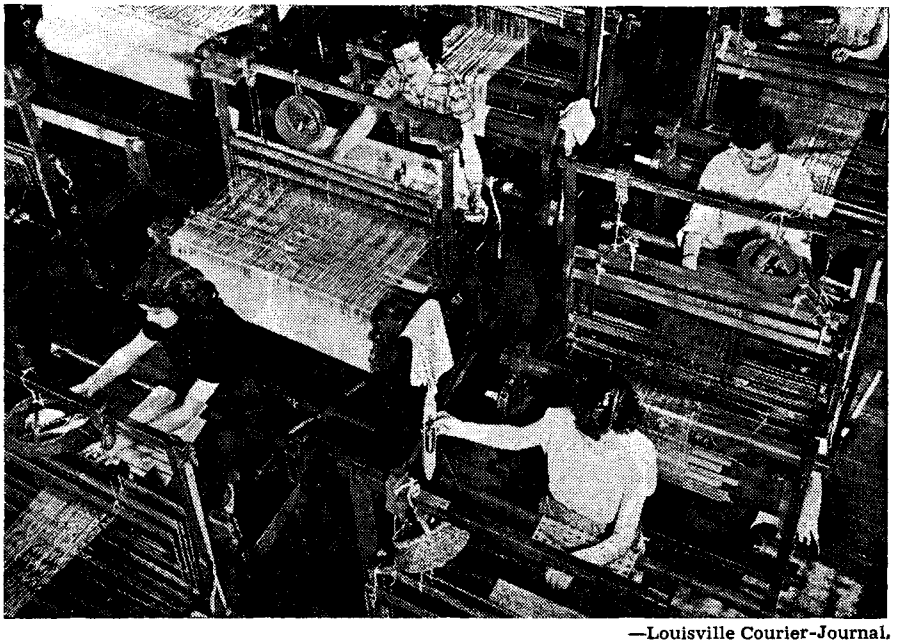
A change of sixteen votes would have saved the school legislation. Ninety-seven Republicans who voted for the Powell amendment voted against the bill. Not a single Democrat who had voted for the Powell amendment voted against the bill.

The next day President Eisenhower through his Press Secretary, James Hagerty, declared that he intended to keep on working for immediate passage of school legislation, as what he wanted was schools. A number of educators observed that if he had made the same statement the day before the school bill would have passed. The President had remained silent throughout the floor fight.

President Eisenhower stated what presumably really was his position in his press conference of August 8, the first conference following the vote:

> *Question:* There have been some charges and counter-charges between the parties about your school construction bill. I understand the Democrats accuse the Administration of having sabotaged its own bill. Would you like to comment on that, sir?"
>
> *The President:* Well, we will have to get one thing straight. I recommended a particular bill, of which two of the primary factors were these:
>
> (a) That money, school money, be allocated on the basis of need; and
>
> (b) That all of the Federal school construction be in addition to the current state programs and would not merely supplant, because our object was to get more schools and not merely to substitute Federal money for state money already appropriated or authorized.
>
> Now when that bill was placed before the House in the form of a recommittal motion, the Republicans voted for it, three-quarters of them—I forget the exact thing, 147 to forty-nine, something of that order.
>
> Now, when the—when these features were active, then they had with that particular bill just a sprinkling, maybe two, a small percentage of Democrats, 3 or 4 per cent. Now, when the bill, when these features were taken out, then is when the Republicans did vote against the bill. So did a lot of the Democrats. They not only killed my bill, but they helped to kill their own.

On the defunct school bill President Eisenhower is welcome to the last word so far as this analyst is concerned. His secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare is now calling conferences with a view to simplifying the formula for another go at building schoolhouses come another Congress.



—Louisville Courier-Journal.

On-the-job training has become part of U.S. education problem **(see page 21).**

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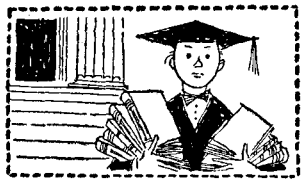


WHY JOHNNY CAN'T ADD

With Our National Welfare Dependent on an Abundance of Well-Trained Scientists, a Recent Study Has Revealed Deficiencies in Our Children's Schooling That Bode Ill for the Future

By RUTH DUNBAR, *education writer,* Chicago Sun-Times.

WHY Johnny can't figure is rapidly becoming a more vital question for educators than why Johnny can't read.

The sizzling school controversy that developed over the teaching of reading in 1955 now seems to be a dying if not a dead issue. Although there is always room for improvement, evidence shows that Johnny is reading pretty well, better in most cases than his counterpart of earlier years.

But in mathematics it's a different and far more complicated story. Although it has failed to arouse any great public clamor or classroom concern, the criticism which has recently been directed at the school mathematics program merits far more attention. For there is good reason to believe that mathematics—the keystone of all the sciences on which America's technological civilization depends—is the weakest subject in the school curriculum.

In grade school arithmetic Johnny may learn as much about numbers as children of the past, but this was never anything to brag about and a horse-and-buggy skill isn't nearly good enough in the age of the atom and automation.

In high school, where math requirements were reduced or in many cases abolished during the Thirties when the theory that the study of the subject provided mental discipline went out of vogue, students take less mathematics than they used to and what they take is often a watered-down course called "general math," which goes only a step beyond grade-school arithmetic.

For some time top-flight scientists and professional organizations have been trying to alert the schools to the alarming consequences of this decline in mathematics instruction. It is a major factor in the serious national shortage of scientists and engineers, since students who are weak in math have little chance of succeeding in scientific fields. Each year engineering schools deny admission to hundreds of students who lack an adequate background of high school mathematics.

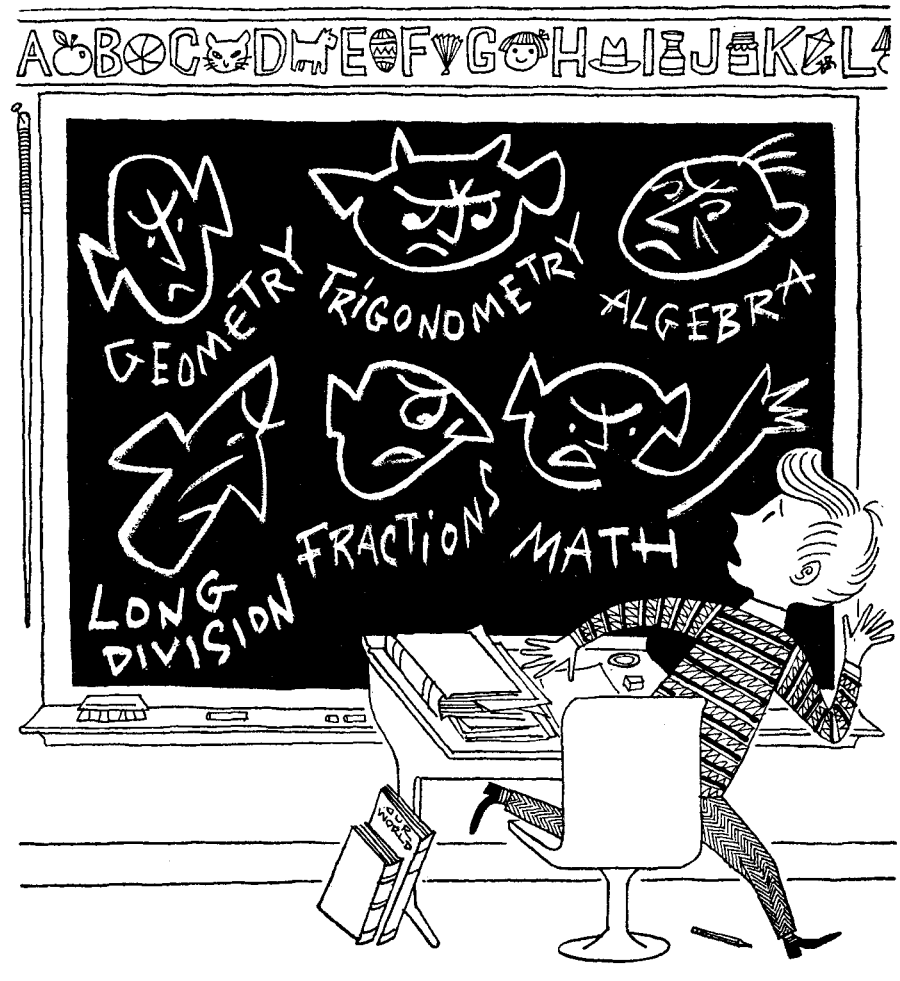
Viewed simply in terms of America's technological future the situation is serious. It takes on the aspect of a crisis when seen in the light of developments in Russia. There the top priority given to mathematics and science in the school curriculum enables Russia to graduate more than twice as many engineers a year as America and five times as many skilled engineering technicians. Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Willard F. Libby, a commission member, have warned that the United States faces disaster if Russia continues to win the cold war of the classrooms.

In 1954 the Carnegie Corporation asked Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N. J., to make a detailed study of the deficiencies in mathematics instruction and recommend areas where research is needed. In its summary report published in July, ETS states: "There is fairly general agreement that mathematical education is in trouble, but considerable disagreement about what is wrong."

Among the things that ETS concludes are wrong are poorly trained teachers, dry-as-dust classes, and an out-of-date curriculum. Parents who communicate their own dislike for arithmetic to Johnny also share the blame.

The report notes that a large proportion of students, even among the

(*Continued on page* 54)



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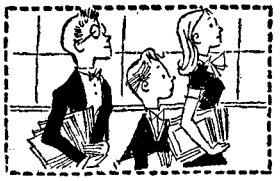

NEW BOOKS FOR THE SCHOOLMAN

- *The Teachers' Role in Building a New Social Order*
- *The Unrealized Potentialities of the Evening College*
- *The Story of an English Miss Dove*

Social Blueprint

"Toward a Reconstructed Philosophy of Education," by Theodore Brameld *(Dryden Press. 398 pp. $4.50), is a call for a new educational system that will be controlled "by the largest possible majority." John S. Brubacher, professor of education at Yale, is our reviewer.*

By John S. Brubacher

THE casual reader, unfamiliar with the writings of Theodore Brameld, will probably attach no more significance to the word "reconstructed" in the title of his new book "Toward a Reconstructed Philosophy of Education" than he would have if the author had used the word "new" or "improved." When he opens the book, however, the will find that Brameld's educational philosophy passes under the title of "reconstructionism." And when Brameld calls for reconstruction he does not mean a patch here and there where the present educational garment is hard worn but rather he pretty much advocates a new outfit.

John Dewey was the first to popularize the word "reconstruction" in educational literature when in "Democracy and Education" he technically defined education as the continual "reconstruction" of experience. It was Dewey's wont to allow the aims of education to grow out of the problems besetting current experience. By reconstructing experience in the light of projected aims and by reconstructing aims in the light of the consequences of experience the educational process issued in student growth. Moreover, growth led to further growth. So far so good; but it is not far enough for Brameld. He "is not interested merely in more growth, more change, more method, more process, more indecisiveness." The world, always in crisis, is volcanic with possibilities today. Indeed, it is already late in the day. We must hurry if education is to win its Wellsian race with catastrophe.

The way to accelerate the pace of education is to reconstruct it in the light of a more specific over-all social blueprint. Since it is no mere remodelling job he has in mind Brameld eschews gradualism. Instead of a series of blueprints each a little in advance of the previous, he favors a design at once more radical. For the source of this new design he turns utopian. Yet, though well acquainted with the political and educational utopias of the past, Brameld is no dreamer. The function of utopian schemes of education, he holds, is to point the way to the radical reconstruction of educational ideologies of the past and present. He has no use for utopias which cannot be implemented. His own must provide youth with a burning sense of commitment.

Just what is the blueprint of this radically "reconstructed philosophy of education"? It is a "future-centered worldwide democracy" which provides for a maximum of "social self-realization." Brameld spells out these aspirations in a series of significant syllogisms. The major premise of the first is that "control by the largest possible majority of the principal institutions and resources of any culture is the supreme test of democracy." Since workers constitute the overwhelming majority in all nations they should control these institutions and resources. In his second syllogism Brameld claims "the labor movement is the chief symbol and vanguard, among the working people, of collective strength." Consequently the curriculum of the schools will have a strong orientation to the interests of this group and teachers, naturally, will affiliate with labor to take maximum advantage of democracy's dynamics.

The success of this blueprint will depend on gaining "social consensus" for it. The principal difficulty here is that the majority tends to be rather inarticulate and is led by minorities. Currently it is led by a minority group which controls the instruments of power but confuses the interests of the majority with its own. The "reconstructionist" minority would like to lead because it claims to speak more singly for the majority, for "social consensus," because it identifies itself with the laboring masses.

If Brameld seems to be urging the school to take sides and abandon its traditional neutrality where controversial issues are involved, no one would be quicker to admit it than he. There will be no driving sense of commitment without taking sides. But Brameld lays claim to the possibility of a "defensible partiality." Social consensus must be won voluntarily. By no means is it to be indoctrinated. There must be "complete respect for criticism and minority dissent." At this point we seem to be confronted with a paradox—"the more impartial we can be, the stronger and more defensible the partialities that we deliberately seek will be."

This is a crucial paradox and Brameld knows it for he devotes to it a large part of his "meet the critics" epilogue. In fact, to subscribe to his paradox—and most of the Western world does—is itself utopian. But let no one think it is not time-consuming to practice this utopia. Consequently progress toward a "reconstructed" school and society is more likely to be gradual than salutatory. In spite of his bold book, therefore, it is unlikely that Brameld will in fact leap as far ahead of Dewey as in theory his winged words carry him.

Discovering India

"Friends and Fellow Students," by Thomas Bruce Morgan *(Crowell. 175 pp. $5), is a report on a unique educational experiment that took a dozen American college students to India on a goodwill tour. Professor John Frederick Muehl of the University of Michigan, author of "Interview with India," reviews it.*

By John Frederick Muehl

IN THE summer of 1952 an ambitious and probably a unique experiment began when a group of col-

(Continued on page 50)

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Why Teach?

Editor's Note: *SR's editorial this week is the work of Claude M. Fuess, former headmaster of Phillips Academy.*

A COLLEGE graduate nowadays has a better chance for a financial start in life than at any period in our history. Indeed, one with a better-than-average record can look around and almost make his own terms. In personnel, this is a sellers' market, in which employers must meet vigorous competition and keep the bidding high. Under such conditions, what has education as a profession to offer? Why should anybody become a teacher?

Only extraordinary naivete would lead anybody into teaching with the hope of becoming wealthy. If money is what a university graduate wants most, he should "accept a position" with a manufacturing company or become an engineer or contractor. Once established, he will end as one of the well-to-do suburbanites, men in gray flannel suits, who make up such a large proportion of any college alumni group. Any young fellow with a respectable dossier of recommendations who goes into General Electric or Procter & Gamble is sure to have a larger income tax to pay at fifty than if he had joined the faculty of the Newton High School.

With women, however, things are different. For our purposes we may as well disregard the young ladies who enter teaching as a tolerable occupation between Commencement and a possible marriage altar. If she takes up nursing, she may expect, after three years of training, to receive at such an institution as the Massachusetts General Hospital $12.50 for an eight-hour day, or $88 a week. The work, however, is not always regular. If she prepares for a secretarial job, she may ultimately receive a salary of $85 or $90 a week, with not much possibility of any further material increase.

If she decides to become a teacher, she will also have to undergo some specialized training. When she is ready for full-time classroom work, she will not be badly off financially as compared with stenographers and receptionists. In Massachusetts, in 1953 the average teacher in a large city high school received $5,526, in a small city high school $4,292, in a big city elementary school $4,817, and in a small city elementary school $3,682. For 1955, corresponding figures would undoubtedly be higher. No competent, ambitious woman need shy off from teaching for monetary reasons.

TEACHERS are constantly being reminded that they have long vacations, during which they may supplement their incomes through other remunerative jobs. Women teachers who marry and, after bringing up a family, wish in their forties and fifties to resume their classroom duties seldom fail to find satisfactory positions. Thus they can enjoy not only diversion but also wage-earning, instead of remaining bored at home. One of the most fruitful sources of recruitment for teachers today is from the ranks of middle-aged women, mature, efficient, and wise after years of taking care of children.

The less definable advantages of teaching, so far as women are concerned, are portrayed sentimentally in "Good Morning, Miss Dove," as book and motion picture; but some of them are very real. *Although* teachers may not meet as many eligible bachelors as nurses in a hospital, they do have a chance to form friendships and influence people. Most of them would be embarrassed to explain what these relationships mean, but they include what President Eliot of Harvard, called the Joy of Work, precious even when ridiculed.

Many such teachers, like the tireless and almost immortal Miss Dove, watch generation after generation go out from their classrooms, following them hopefully but realistically, glad when even two or three win distinction. Those of their pupils who do well justify the feeling that it is even better to shape the thoughts and careers of men and women than it is to manufacture soap or suitcases or shoes.

The material temptations of business will have little allurement for the truly dedicated devotee of teaching, who will behave like Alfred Noyes's Highwayman, "I'll ride to her by moonlight, though Hell should bar the way!" With a core of idealism which dictates their choices, most first-rate teachers sincerely believe that life is more than meat and the body more than raiment.

The motives which lead intelligent college seniors to prefer teaching to advertising or banking will continue to be more instinctive than logically explicable. Teaching is still a vocation for men and women with a missionary spirit—and always will be.

Why teach? Many a research scientist is spending patient unpaid hours staring through a microscope, hunting for undiscovered bacteria. Year after year artists slash daubs of color on canvas, with only a faint expectation of selling their paintings. Teachers do at least receive regular salaries and other perquisites, but in addition they find in their profession some of the most durable of human satisfactions. The ability and inspiration of such men and women are not actually for hire. Nobody could pay them what they are really worth. They foster and watch the slow development of personality in their pupils. They hope to transmit their accumulated knowledge and experience of the race, to mould the manners and morals and ideas of a younger generation. They are rather proud to feel that they are helping to build a better world. Surely it is not hypocritical to insist that some teachers are affected by such altruistic motives. And if they get what they want most, nobody need pity them because they drive old Chevrolets instead of new Cadillacs. Verily they have their reward! —Claude M. Fuess.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THINK OF A MAN

IN THE EDITORIAL "Think of a Man" (*SR* Aug. 4) you appeal to your readers to *think of a man* who by his ideal, his deeds, or his work has enriched the human heritage in its multiple aspects. You ask this because you believe that more than ever we are the custodians of that man's hopes and dreams, without which we would not be what we are today. For you believe that we stand at the crossroad of human destiny and it is in our power to protect or destroy this great, precious wealth.

It is frightening to think that we are the guardians of all this, for it is a responsibility with which man has never been faced and perhaps modern man is not ready to accept unless, aware of the grave danger or breathtaking, unprecedented possibility, he grows at once above what he is.

The urgency of your appeal is stirring, challenging, and encouraging. Thus, I think of you and of those like you, who in darkest despair in human history grow taller than the multitude, come forth and shout the truth with conviction and fervor. I think of you with the respect due to a true man.

RACHELLE BONHEUR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

IT OCCURS TO ME that you might be willing to carry your thoughts a bit further and to a point that would suggest an answer to one or two of the most bothersome questions. If an answer to this letter is not justified perhaps a follow-up editorial would be in order.

Of course, a problem of such magnitude does not lend itself to solution by catch phrases or simple formulae. But even if it is not the whole answer or anywhere near it we do need something specific to shoot at and some notion of how to go about it. I guess my two principal questions are (1) What is a practical first target? (2) What do we do about it?

So far I have merely called attention to the article in letters to a number of friends and invited comments. If reprints were available this might be extended to wider circles.

In thinking of what it would take in the last analysis to achieve the hoped for result a complete spiritual revolution may be in order. Maybe we need to get rid of religious concepts conceived as a mystical path by which one acquires an individual ticket to life everlasting and substitute the thought that a man lives and dies as does a tree, but that mankind and the forest live on forever as part of the grand design in which it has been our good fortune to figure for a fleeting moment.

Perhaps with the spread of a philosophy of this sort an escape both from orthodoxy and modern moral relativism could be achieved among us. Anyhow it seems to me that to meet the challenge of your article we have to dig pretty deep.

"Cheer *you* up—but I've been waiting all day for you to come home and cheer *me* up."

I realize that it is presumptuous for a reader of no consequence to ask you to expand on an article so self-contained as yours, but I hope you will.

BENJ. S. BEECHER.

Raphine, Va.

CONGRATULATIONS on "Think of a Man." Such a statement is long overdue, and thoughtful people will find inspiration in seeing these ideas at last in print and in a medium which reaches so many. Surely "the individual is not helpless . . . He can free himself from the daily trivia that soak up his time . . . and apply himself to what is important." True, this becomes increasingly harder to do in a world in which the thoughtless conformity has all but erased the individual, and one sometimes feels as if he were in a kind of trance in which action is impossible, yet as you point out, we must think about the power that is ours, as individuals; we must think and act, talk and write while there is still time, and, God willing, there is still time.

VELMA JONES.

White Creek, N. Y.

AFTER READING, and re-reading, "Think of a Man," I became aware of Oscar Wilde's ominous words in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol": "each man destroys the thing he loves." It becomes increasingly apparent that we now have the means by which to exterminate ourselves utterly. Heretofore man has solved many of his cultural problems by simple murder. Indeed, the easiest thing to erase is life. Now, however, historic man must kill progressively more, and inevitably all, of himself. So man is in a sort of self-made Reading Gaol, "lest Christ should see how men their brothers maim."

JAMES T. MEHORTER.

Charlottesville, Va.

A BELATED BUT most sincere compliment on your basic, broad, beautiful editorial. Your thoughts on Man are deep yet clear; your survey kaleidoscopic but conclusive; and your perspective of "the long way that Man has come," if I may quote no doubt imperfectly from that wonderful "Inherit the Wind," the uncannily objective analysis of Man's position today and his possibilities for survival, all lifted on words that surge with conviction made this a high-water mark in your editorials.

Yet how would it be possible for a world organization to be concerned with the needs, welfare and goals of Man as long as there are member states which do not recognize the worth of the individual?

ERMA MARGARET BROWN.

Oakland, Calif.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Tolstoy in VistaVision

THERE are many comings and goings in Paramount's "War and Peace," and while there are not nearly so many as in the novel itself, this vastly condensed movie version of what is generally acknowledged as the greatest of all long works of fiction sometimes seems little more than a series of expressions of joy upon someone's seeing someone again, and expressions of sorrow that someone must leave once more. Tolstoy's cast of seventy characters of varying importance has been cut down to twenty; hundreds of pages of the book flash by in a couple of minutes of screen time, one entire military campaign has been eliminated—and still the bulk of the novel has refused to yield to the shape imposed upon it by Dino De Laurentiis (the producer), King Vidor (the director), and their many assistants. The six listed adaptors, and at least one more (Irwin Shaw) not listed, admittedly had a most trying task, and it is with sympathy that I record my own reaction—that this three-and-one-half-hour film is only intermittently interesting and that aside from making a sort of pictorial sour-mash of the original work it is not particularly good movie-making.

The picture originally ran about five-and-a-half hours, and there is now no way of knowing whether or not the pre-cut version would have been more successful. But to get it into commercially exhibitable proportions, a kind of dramatic shorthand has been employed. Scenes between the principals are brief, and they get their business with one another over quickly. Prince Anatole Kuragin, for instance, comes bluntly to the point when he assaults the virtue of Natasha—so bluntly that his courtship method is more reminiscent of, say, John Gilbert in a silent movie than of current romantic cinema practice. The characteristics of characters are established hastily: Pierre, the big, clumsy, lovable major figure of the novel, is shown stumbling and knocking things over in every one of his episodes. Helene, his wife, comes out a tawdry villainess. Natasha's father, Count Rostov, is cheerily addlepated through peace and war. To achieve noteworthy performances under these circumstances obviously put great strains upon the actors.

Even so, some of them have weathered their trials very nicely. Audrey Hepburn as Natasha is still an undimmed star, even though, on occasion, she is, one might say, aggressively adorable. Henry Fonda's Pierre has somehow survived a monstrous physical miscasting and emerges an appealing figure. Oscar Homolka's General Kutuzov is strikingly close to the Tolstoy conception, and Helmut Dantine achieves something of a triumph as Dolokhov, the dashing, scapegrace cavalry officer. The same cannot be said for Mel Ferrer, who had the misfortune to be given the most grating of all the lines. I am at a loss to account for the performance of Barry Jones, a normally accomplished actor. He romps

Henry Fonda—". . . appealing figure."

Audrey Hepburn—". . . undimmed star."

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EDITORIAL DISSENT: As a discerning critic, Mr. Alpert has been careful to identify various flaws in "War and Peace." He may have failed, however, in this viewer's opinion, to place these flaws in proper balance, both with respect to the scope of the undertaking and the actual achievements of the film itself. It is true that some of the characters suffer from apparent gaps in sequence and even in motivation (perhaps the result of the fact that almost two hours of running time were cut from the film). It is true that the individual stories tend sometimes to fade by contrast with the vast scale of the events. But it is a measure of the film's stature that such flaws, in the larger perspective of "War and Peace," are not decisive. I cannot recall ever having seen more memorable scenes in a motion picture, nor can I think of any film where the full potential of the color camera was used more dramatically. I am prepared to accept Mr. Alpert's criticism as valid reasons why "War and Peace" may fall short of being one of the two or three greatest films ever produced. But it would be unfortunate if his criticism had the effect of keeping anyone from seeing a picture light years in quality beyond the average Hollywood product. Its appeal rests not on dimension alone but on a sincere effort to deal with the mammoth and the minute with the sense of equal beauty.

Nothing in the foregoing should be interpreted as any loss of confidence by the editors in their motion-picture critic. All the meaning—and all the fun—would go out of artistic criticism if critics always had to agree with their editors—and vice versa. —N. C.

through his role as Natasha's father as though Moscow were London, and Tolstoy simply a transplanted Dickens. Of others like Anita Ekberg it may be kinder not to speak.

It should be mentioned, however, that the international flavor of the cast—made up of American, English, and Italian actors—results in an extraordinary melange of accents, from the flat Midwestern speech of Henry Fonda to the Cockney adopted by John Mills to help make clear the fact that he is playing a Russian serf. A good many of the actors have had their voices dubbed in for them, so that they all too often seem to be speaking through clenched teeth. I'm afraid the diction problem is a distinct handicap to one's enjoyment.

BUT one mustn't carp endlessly. There is, on occasion, some bewitching color photography, handsome interior sets, and truly spectacular battle pageantry. Now and then a scene flashes into life, a character comes alive—and one is reminded fleetingly of Tolstoy. And, at those moments, the three-and-a-half hours do not seem too long, after all. Mr. De Laurentiis won the race to be the first to put "War and Peace" on the screen. Now that it is on view, others may still rise to the challenge.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Anita Ekberg—"international flavor."

Mel Ferrer—"grating lines."

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Letter to a European

I WISH you could see us in summer, because there is a certain gentleness once you get out from the city and a certain openhearted happiness that doesn't show when the weather is cold and people stay inside. Half the summer I have spent eating and sunning and sightseeing from Copenhagen all the way down to Opatija, but I want to tell you how voluptuous it is to wallow in an August at home. You feel it first about an hour out of town, when traffic thins out and the smell of gasoline evaporates and you inhale the greenness of the fields.

The signs by the side of the road tell of clambakes to come and of carnivals which are also called fairs and sometimes, in the snootier faubourgs, fiestas. And when the fiesta is on the grounds are decorated with Chinese lanterns and the summer folk come in pink shorts and tailored shirts and sunhats. And the local people come too, only they wear pants that are dark and old and are part of some suit, and shirts for work not for sport that have green stripes in them. The summer people come shod in white sneakers without socks, but the local gentry wear scuffed leather shoes and their ladies are done up in simple gingham dresses.

At a carnival there are wheels that spin for cigarettes and for whiskey and the local hospital gets the winnings. Ladies possessed of a paintbox and perhaps of talent sell their scratchings, and ladies who are demons in the kitchen sell cakes and I would rather have the cakes. Fathers buy sons rides on the township's fire engine at twenty cents the bumpy tour, and heaven forfend there should be a fire in the meantime. Also there are rides on desultory ponies, and hay wagons, and a man comes down from the city with a device of torture which spins children around in wire cages and is guaranteed to make a malted amalgam of cotton candy, Good Humors, Crackerjacks, warm Coca Cola, and other sweetmeats of the fair which will rest uncertainly in the juvenile belly that night.

Especially on Sunday nights old roadsters owned by clam-diggers are pulled up by the side of the highway, and the seaside miners market the mollusks at fifty to the dollar when the digging is easy. But still I am not much of a clambake man although I recognize the tradition as a tribal custom of seaside America in summer. What attracts me are the bags of potatoes that are taller than a boy of six and sell for $1, and I am forever throwing a sack in the trunk of the car even though half of the bag will molder in our *ménage* where the ladies eschew potatoes and put saccharine in the coffee so there will be room for the corn. And the pie.

Signs by the side of the road advertise sweet corn, and sixty cents or so will normally fetch a dozen. Lately I have seen a great fetish arise, and the marketeers in our house sit with stopwatch and wait until the dinner bell is about to ring and then make a dash for the nearby stand which is run by a farmer who picks his corn, I judge, as you order it. But I fail to detect the difference in flavor from what I buy in the supermarkets, which are inclined to keep it a day or two. Besides I like to visit the country supermarkets in summer to see the ladies who shop in shorts and blouses and sneakers, not to mention those who come with a scalp full of curlers. These should be exterminated.

You may think it is atavistic of us, but in summer when the air is calm and warm we cook on charcoal broilers which are set up in the backyard. What we cook is steaks mostly, and the size of them is often viewed by foreign visitors as a sign of American vulgarity. But they are no bigger than what are served in Argentina, and are a caloric fraction of what a self-respecting Frenchman demolishes at lunch.

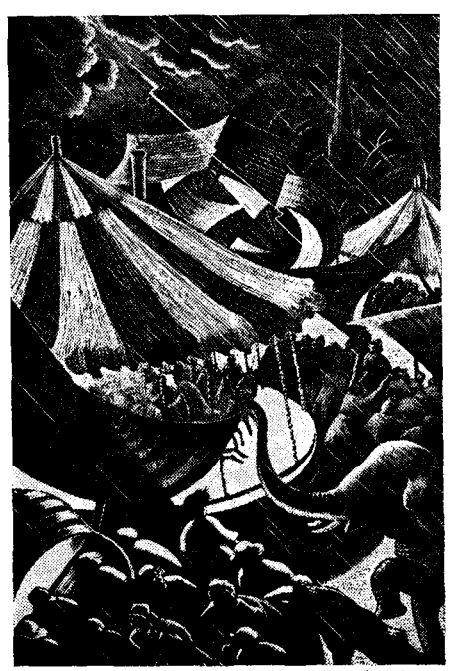
Now the corn can be boiled separately, but sometimes it is put in or near the charcoal fire too with the husks wetted down to delay the singeing. Mr. Eliot Elisofon, the cook, who frequently takes photographs for *Life* magazine, has lately advocated the use of silver foil in which to wrap the corn before placing it on the fire, but this is a mite too technocratic to me, and besides I've never tasted it that way. Potatoes are also dropped into the fire although a new school strongly urges baking them for awhile in one's oven before dropping them among the charcoal embers. In any case, they come out with coal black shells which are eaten too, and are considered in some quarters to be quite good for the teeth and the digestion.

It always astonishes Europeans who come in summer to see men doing the backyard cooking, but I confess we are not bullied into it and secretly adore the whole idea. A man who cooks in summer and who invites guests must be, besides a cook, a skilful partisan of his method. Do you fire your steaks on both sides quickly to "seal in the blood"? Do you douse the meat first with olive oil? Don't you sprinkle the flanks with salt? Do you coat the meat with mustard first? These are the questions that come from the grandstand.

Then the coaches gather, hands curled around highballs and say, "I think it's: a. done, b. still blue, c. your flame is too high, d. the cut was too thick." And also, "I have a butcher who gives me. . . ." And, "Brother, I cooked one for Ethel last Thursday that was positively. . . ."

Well, the traffic is a summer problem too, getting back to the city after the week-ends, I mean. And everybody has a theory about that too, especially those types who insist if you leave at one o'clock in the morning there isn't a car on the road and you can make it in three hours flat. But there are windless days on the beach, that make it all worth it, I think. Especially in the ebb of the afternoons, when the waves roll in from Spain or somewhere, and the sun is fat and red, and the stillness descends like opium to lull the soul in a hammock of tranquility. And now I have to get used to September which is full of intoxicants—leaves that smoke and wood that burns with a musky scent and maroon chrysanthemums to match the leaves. I am sad about summer which seems at the end of it to have had the lifespan of a match, and I wish you could have been here to see with what fulness we spent it.

—HORACE SUTTON.



—Clare Leighton.

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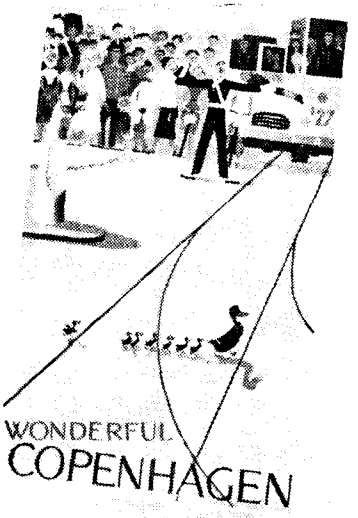

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TV AND RADIO

Politics, Freedom, and Madison Avenue

MY REPUTATION as a prophet ("always wrong") has been magnificently justified by Paul M. Butler, Democratic national chairman.

In this space, several weeks ago, I predicted that nothing important would be said about television at the nominating conventions. All Mr. Butler did was bring into the open the whole question of the essential nature of television, its rights, privileges, and duties in society. He challenged our current concepts and in an aside offered a new philosophy of communications. The fact that he did this in a fit of ill-temper, during an outrageous denunciation of one network which was carried by that network and all the others, has somewhat blurred the issue. But it is there—and it will haunt us and the broadcasters until we settle it properly.

Early on the first night of the Democratic convention a film in documentary style was shown to the delegates. The first half of it was feeble. I do not know whether CBS was of this opinion, but in any case the network switched from the Convention Hall and presented a series of interviews instead. The moment the film was over Mr. Butler attacked CBS for sabotaging the Democratic party and those who, like myself, hadn't seen what CBS put on the air instead got the impression that the network had put on a commercial program unrelated to the convention entirely. Later Mr. Butler telegraphed a formal demand to CBS for a complete showing of the film on all the stations which had carried the substituted interviews.

Frank Stanton, president of CBS, replied that the network had never been committed to show the film and then went on to "the far more important issue of freedom of the press" and enunciated a principle which will, I think and hope, forever put an end to bureaucratic interference with broadcasting: "Those who make the news cannot, in a free society, dictate to broadcasters . . . to what extent, where, and how they shall cover the news. Television and radio . . . are not mere conduits which must carry everything which the newsmaker demands. . . . We insist . . . that we are, and must remain, free to exercise our news judgment."

I have omitted one qualifying phrase in order to make it more prominent by quoting it separately. Mr. Stanton referred to the broadcasters "as part of the free press." On that point Mr. Butler's interview offered the following:

"The issue of freedom of the press has been raised; there is also the freedom of the people to see and hear."

Pushed by forceful questioners, Mr. Butler said that the networks were not obligated to carry every word of the conventions, but "had no right to edit (out) a vital part of the program" and comparing TV to newspapers, said, "they're different. . . . TV and radio are licensed and certified by the government in the ether, the public domain." He then said he did not think of the networks as "public utilities."

I know how treacherous the ground is here. If I were to say that Mr. Butler's point is worth discussing I would be accused of treason to the Bill of Rights. So I say, instead, let us accept the networks' position that they are entitled to *all* the liberties granted to the press and then ask, isn't it possible that with all these freedoms the broadcasters have greater *obligations* to the people? Is the nature of television, in particular, such that it cannot enjoy its freedom *unless* it fulfils duties not imposed on newspapers? Isn't it, in sober fact, true that newspapers have no duties except those they impose on themselves and that television undertakes an obligation to the public the moment it accepts a license to operate?

That obligation is ill-defined and the only check on the broadcaster is the fear of losing his license if he is consistently wrong in his definition—wrong by the vague standards of the FCC. But clarity will not come if we start with the assumption that the broadcaster has absolute freedom and no obligations.

Mr. Butler spoke of "the freedom of the people to see and hear." It is a right. That right was jeopardized when one network applied standards of entertainment to the Army-McCarthy hearings and dropped them because the audience wasn't big enough. That right can be seriously undermined if the broadcasters should ever abandon coverage of news because it is less profitable than commercial entertainment. I know that this is an "unthinkable" situation—but the unthinkable is precisely what we have to foresee and prevent.

I am proposing not a solution to the problem, not a compromise between absolute freedom and absolute control. I am suggesting only the need of a realistic approach to the status of broadcasting and as a starter would like the broadcasters themselves to answer one question:

Do they believe they have the right to be as irresponsible as sections of the press have, at various times, been?

A LESS searching, but more immediate question brought up by the two Conventions concerns the use of advertising techniques. Mr. Stevenson, in his acceptance, spoke of "the ultimate indignity to the democratic process"—the idea "that you can merchandise candidates . . . like breakfast cereal—that you can gather votes like box tops" and it is clear that Madison Avenue is being held up as an evil ally of the Republicans.

Actually in the presentation, the production, of the conventions the Republicans were more dignified than the Democrats. It was easy to call Ethel Merman's song in favor of Eisenhower a "singing commercial," but neither she nor Irene Dunne who read the prayer with which the President began his inaugural speech were at all offensive, whereas on the opening night at Chicago the Democrats achieved a special kind of vulgarity when they presented two of the child winners of the $64,000 program with carefully memorized responses to leading questions.

Nor did either convention bow to those necessities of television which would have improved them, except for polling split delegations off-camera. The speeches were overlong and the cameras revenged themselves by picking up pretty girls or inattentive listeners. During Governor Langlie's keynote address an effort was made to visualize: a medallion of the profiles of Lincoln and Eisenhower was flashed on at moments—ineffectually, it seemed to me.

The real test of "huckstering" will come during the campaign of course. It is known along Madison Avenue that the Republicans have advantageously bought up a lot of time (to save the cost of last-minute cancellation of programs) and the Democrats have done as much as they can. Nothing is yet known of the methods to be employed. It is possible that the conventions have foreshadowed the two social problems we will have to observe and discuss: the suitability of commercial techniques to political persuasion as well as the graver question of the rights and duties of television, not as advertiser and entertainer, but as reporter and communicator.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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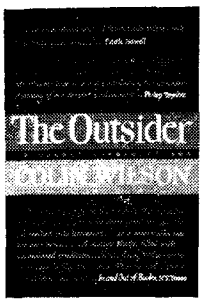

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE OUTSIDER"

Author: Colin Wilson

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN ENGLAND Colin Wilson's "The Outsider: An Inquiry Into the Nature and Sickness of Mankind in the Mid-Twentieth Century" (Houghton Mifflin, $4) has been hailed in superlative terms by a constellation of commentators which includes Philip Toynbee, Cyril Connolly, and Edith Sitwell. It has been called in crescendo "remarkable," "astonishing," and "astounding." To Dame Edith twenty-four-year-old Colin Wilson "will be a truly great writer." To John Connell the emerging Mr. Wilson "steps immediately into the ranks of major writers."

The excitement is understandable for "The Outsider" is a striking performance. It is also, however, symptomatic of a current in the thought of English intellectuals not so strongly felt in the United States. When any writer awakes one morning to find himself famous it almost invariably means that he has said something many have have been waiting to have said and usually also that it is not entirely unfamiliar. Despite the difference of Mr. Wilson's approach—which is largely through an analysis of recent literature—the conclusions he reaches are almost identical with those in Aldous Huxley's recent defenses of the validity of the mystical experience. His book belongs also on the same shelf with Victor Gollancz's best-selling anthology of mystical writing. Obviously a large reading public is ready at least to consider the proposition that the day of the Realist is ending and the day of the Visionary about to begin.

But what is the Outsider Mr. Wilson is talking about? What does his increasing prevalence mean? What, if anything, should he do to become an Insider instead?

An Outsider (to answer the first question first) is one who does not feel that he belongs. He is what the man in the street calls "a misfit," the popular psychologist calls "maladjusted," the Freudian "neurotic," and the highbrow critic "alienated." He is able to share neither the ordinary man's enthusiasm for Progress and the increasingly high standard of living nor his delight in the popular arts. Life as most men live it (and usually life as he himself lives it) is meaningless.

Mr. Wilson's first task is to support the thesis that the Outsider and his problems are the central theme in the most significant modern literature. He was foreshadowed in "The Sorrows of Werther" whose hero is the first of the Romantic Outsiders. His more modern form emerges in Dostoievsky. But he is also Joyce's hero and Hemingway's hero. He is Nietzsche and T. E. Lawrence. And, of course, he is the hero of all existentialist fiction, reaching the nadir of alienation in Sartre. With whom else and with what else, Mr. Wilson asks, is the modern intellectual concerned? Is not the sense of alienation the most important phenomenon of our times?

Grant this premise and the next inevitable question is "Why?" Is the Outsider outside merely because he is neurotic and therefore frustrated? That is what the Insider thinks and why he invites the Outsider in. But to the Outsider himself the truth is the other way around. He is neurotic because he is frustrated and frustrated because there is something he wants to be inside of and because, since he cannot find it, he prefers alienation to belonging to something unworthy.

Yet, as Mr. Wilson insists, he has rarely if ever reached any satisfactory solution, whether he takes refuge in action or in Sartre's "commitment" in a meaningless world. The ultimate absurdity of "actionism" is reached by the character in "The Sun Also Rises" who proclaims that "nobody ever lived their life all the way up except bullfighters." On the other hand, the Sartrean existentialist never really escapes from the overwhelming sense of meaninglessness.

What, then, is the answer? Inside what should the Outsider try to put himself and how should he make contact with the world to which he belongs? First of all, says Mr. Wilson, he must free himself from the delusion he has been continuing to share with Insiders; from the delusion which consists in believing that the universe of external reality is the only universe and that the knowledge about it which science accumulates is the only real knowledge. He must believe in insight rather than proof and he must recognize that what direct experience communicates is surer than anything logic or reason

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THE AUTHOR: "References to my youth," said Colin Wilson the other day in London, "make no difference to me. I have something to say. If a part of my audience listens under the delusion that I am a philosophical child prodigy, I don't mind in the least." Although Wilson is only twenty-four, and although the actual writing of "The Outsider" took only three months, the book is the product of more than seven years of reflection. He was born in Leicester, the son of a boot and shoe worker, and has been turning the theme of the book over in his mind ever since he left the Gateway Secondary Technical School there at the age of sixteen. His early interest in atomic physics and chemistry was sidetracked by encounters with the ideas of George Bernard Shaw and T. S. Eliot, at about the same time as his patience with the methods of formal education was exhausted. Later he became an RAF man, a warehouseman, and an income-tax office bureaucrat and finally sought more congenial intellectual atmosphere in Paris, where he met and was influenced by Raymond Duncan, with his creed of "actionalism" for the artist.

Wilson became literally an outsider on his return to London. In the summer of 1954, while supporting himself as a dishwasher, and working in the British Museum on "The Outsider," he spent his nights in a sleeping bag on Hampstead Heath, a public park in London. Now, having had his say on our spiritual malady, Wilson wants to return to his original fields of science and mathematics which, he feels, ought to be better interpreted for the humanistic layman. Such work would, of course, probably grow to fruition before he is thirty, and thus expose him to more comment on his youth. But he says "I am glad, of course, that I have an audience now, but mainly because I think I'd have bust if I'd had to remain unknown for another ten years. For the rest, I am as conceited and as certain of my future importance as Shaw . . . and may as well be regarded as a young prodigy now as a centenarian prodigy in seventy-five years' time."

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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can reach. He must believe with Yeats that "what the world's million lips are searching for / Must be substantial somewhere. . . ." When he really does believe that he will be an Outsider no longer.

This philosophy is, as he insists with T. E. Hulme (for him, as for Eliot, a key figure) not only anti-materialistic and anti-scientific but also anti-humanistic. But it is a rediscovery of the truth which Blake proclaimed to deaf ears. He who can see, as Blake did, that the rising sun is not a ball of fire about the size of a guinea but a heavenly host singing "Holy, Holy, Holy" will be the kind of Insider Blake was and he can say with Blake, "I have mental joy and mental health."

For all its brilliance and passionate conviction "The Outsider" is still very much a young man's book and in nothing more obviously such than in the endless profusion of quotations and the tendency to let them lead the discourse. Everything Mr. Wilson has ever read is either a negative or a positive illustration and the reader is sometimes almost drowned in the flood. But I rather suspect that "Outsider" is going to take its place in the current vocabulary alongside David Riesman's "inner-directed man." Probably we have not had a new term so usable as either of these since Sinclair Lewis set everybody to talking about Babbitts.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 689

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 689 will be found in the next issue.

LAXEW LARYH FM XADM

GPEDXUWO UN AWM

GARYH NEYY UWSA PMD

EDXT LUSPARS NEYYUWO

UWSA PMD PEWHT.

—EXFDATM FUMDGM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 688

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.

—JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY.

Logician of Illogic

***"Guides to Straight Thinking," by Stuart Chase** (Harper. 212 pp. $3.50), is a brief manual describing the many illogicalities of thought and speech that keep cropping up in everyday life, especially in election years. Brand Blanshard, Sterling Professor of Philosophy at Yale, is our reviewer.*

By Brand Blanshard

STUART CHASE's brief manual of human unreason, "Guides to Straight Thinking," comes at an appropriate time. What better field day of fallacies, sophistries, and other forms of the higher inanity could be found than a good lusty political campaign? It is as if Mr. Chase, knowing well what was ahead, had sought to provide a sort of intellectual Salk vaccine against the ills that we shall certainly be heir to.

The substance of the book lies in thirteen short chapters, each devoted to one common fallacy. All of these fallacies are venerable and so natural as to be nearly inevitable; some of them bear Latin labels that suggest how venerable they are—*post hoc, ad hominem, tu quoque, circulus in probando.* To his favorites from the classical list, Mr. Chase adds some choice villains of his own, such as thinking in blacks and whites, and guilt by association. No one need be frightened by the prospect of logical technicalities; none appear here; the book is not on logic but on illogic. The reader is taken on a gaily conducted tour of an intellectual rogues' gallery in which the features of the monsters displayed give one a turn at times by their startling likeness to familiar processes of one's own.

The value of the book is clinical. We are here studying the pathology of reason, not technically nor in theory, but in living cases which are exposed to us by the hundred. Mr. Chase must have been going about for years with notebook in hand, for his pages are full of examples from recent American politics. As one would expect, McCarthyism supplies a particularly juicy crop. It is only two years ago that Senator Flanders found it necessary to forestall a guilt-by-association attack by confessing that "a brother of the wife of Alger Hiss is my brother's wife's sister's divorced husband." And we are still not quite out of the fog of that miasmatic era.

But the fallacy that Mr. Chase puts first on his list is that of over-generalizing, the fallacy against which we are warned in the adage: One swallow does not make a summer.

A boy says: "Gee, there were a million cats in our back yard last night!"

"Did you count them?" asks his mother.

"No, but the place was full of cats."

"How many did you actually see?"

"Well, er, there was our old cat and another one."

Not a very cogent way of reasoning. Yet it is a standard pattern of thought for race prejudice and superstition.

A woman hires a Mexican maid. Pretty soon she is saying, "I've had to let Maria go, and I'll never hire another Mexican. You can't trust any of them, not one!" The newspaper reader in France or Britain notices that the American news consists largely of gang-wars, jail-breaks, and crimes. He concludes that America is a place where such things are normal practice. "When I am told," said Dean Acheson, "that Americans are idealistic, or that Frenchmen are logical, or Germans emotionally unstable, or Asians inscrutable, I always listen to the ensuing observation with skepticism." The safest thing to say is that generalizations are always false, including this one.

Logicians have commonly had trouble in knowing what to do with fallacies. Logic studies the forms of *valid* reasoning, and hence reasoning that is *not* valid seems to have no place in it. Furthermore, while there is normally just one way of going right if one starts from certain premises, there are a thousand ways of going wrong; and no logician has ever succeeded in mapping all these ways. So far as I know Mill is the only logician of first rank to include a study of fallacies in the body of his work, and his classification of them is perhaps the most useful yet devised. But it is one thing to know the name and nature of a fallacy; it is quite another thing to be alive to it when one commits it in ordinary thinking. Here Mr. Chase will come to one's aid. If there is anyone who after making the rounds of these siren fallacies in their many seductive forms does not confess himself a miserable sinner he is either a paragon who is beyond temptation or a dolt who is beyond all help.

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The Wisdom of Our Race

"From Darkness to Light," edited by Victor Gollancz *(Harper. 623 pp. $5), is an anthology drawn from the great poetry and prose of the past dealing in large part with places, justice, and married love.*

By William S. Lynch

AN anthology can be almost anything from a scrapbook of pasted snippets to a highly creative work of selection and arrangement in which the sum total is truly greater and fresher than all its parts. Victor Gollancz is one of the most discriminating anthologists we have met for a long time, and we have no hesitancy in assigning him a place with the very best. In "Man and God" he gave us a magnificent survey of the moral and spiritual beliefs of mankind, culling for us the superb expressions man has used to reach for those beliefs.

His new volume "From Darkness to Light" resembles the earlier in many ways but the passages and their relationships reveal a more personal autobiographical approach. It is wider, too, in its range of feeling. In fact, it reminds one of a symphony, divided into themes and movements and in-including what are in some ways the most delightful parts of the anthology—little codas of praise for those particular things the author happens to love especially—places, justice, married love.

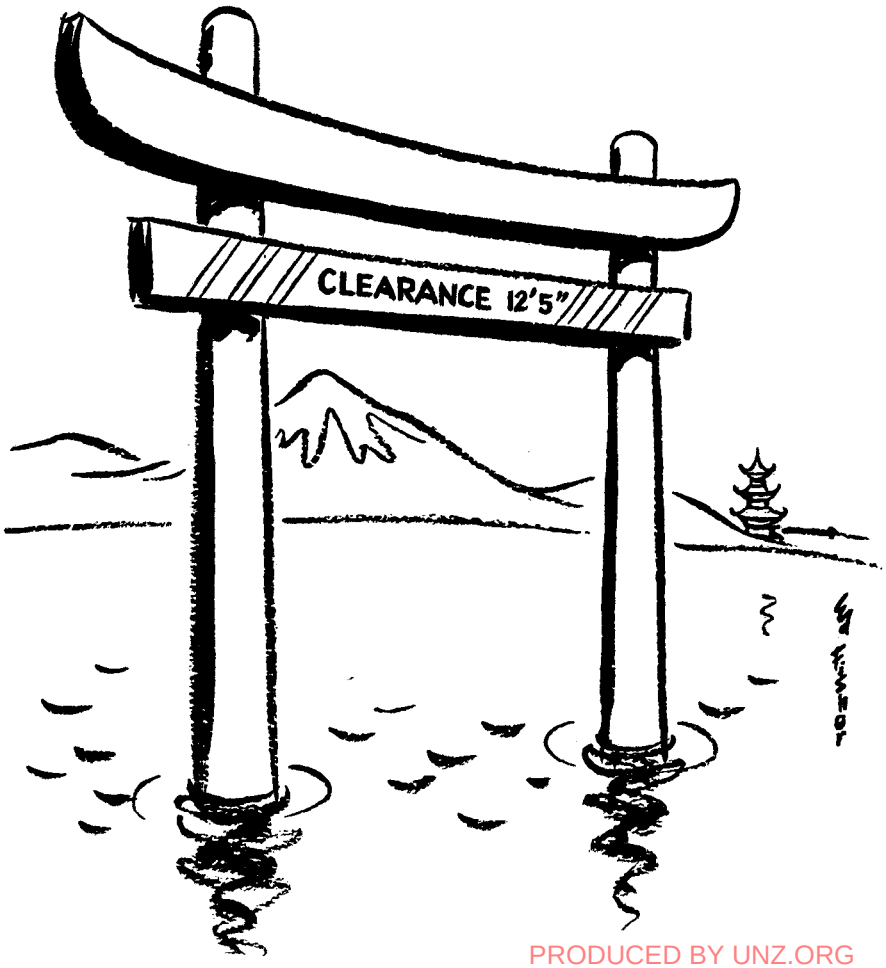
The usual thing is to talk of anthologies as treasuries and to refer to their contents as jewels, flowers, etc. Certainly if these words were ever apt, they are in this case. It has been a long time since this reader has come across a book that needs to be as well thumbed as this one does. It may be good for the bedside, but it will be even better in the study and at the desk, and though only the end of the volume is devoted directly to prayer, it would not be irreverent to suggest that all of it would serve as a book of uncommon prayer.

Mr. Gollancz recommends that this book can be read from beginning to end as a consecutive whole, as though it were a continuous piece of writing appearing for the first time. His recommendation deserves to be followed just as it would if this were a musical masterpiece whose sweeping themes we would listen to from beginning to end in a concert hall. Even so, we would return to the melodies and moods which haunt us. So with this. A hundred pages will be read again and again.

Almost every deep feeling of human life is found in this book and, while those feelings bear the imprint of a single human being, they are universal to all of us. The introductory arrangement drawn from distinguished writings, whether in poetry or prose—on Israel, on Christ, on Greece, on England—identify the spiritual origins of our author but they are, too, the spiritual origins of those of us who speak English. Wordsworth's England is ours, too—"We must be free or die who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold which Milton held."

The five major parts, in turn broken down into minor ones, reflect in a searching way all that troubles or exalts the soul of man. Whether in pain or ecstasy—in evil or in sanctity—denying or accepting—man climbs from the dark to the light. One moment, with Cowper, we feel "hatred and vengeance, my eternal portion"; the next, with Blake, "Another flower shall spring, because the soul of sweet delight / Can never pass away." Mr. Gollancz, never far away from man's search for God—from the ultimate poetry of religion—draws us to his poets, his mystics, his sages, his mentors—not in terms of dogma but in terms of intuitive faith and realized reason. In the latter sense this is a religious book—pious but not pietistic, devout but not prejudiced. It is, too, a humane book for no precept is more strongly held by the author than the ancient and familiar one "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This volume could have been compiled only by a discriminating man of learning and compassion, who had truly experienced life and found it good. Beside it the polemics of economics and sociology are shabby. For Mr. Gollancz the good life is an inner thing, feeble and hardy both, to be nurtured within the breast of each.

This book is a good book—a helpful book—a beautiful book. Even those who will not accept all the author accepts, must find it admirable and lovely. Whatever wisdom our race has produced is found here in the pure classic tradition. It is a rare volume—precious and fine, deserving frequent perusal by all who depend upon the written word for solace, for hope, for courage, for prayer.



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A Sister's Search to Serve

***"The Nun's Story," by Kathryn Hulme** (Little, Brown. 339 pp. $4), is the story of a Belgian girl who turned aside from marriage to serve as a nurse in the Belgian Congo and in Nazi-invaded Belgium.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

KATHRYN HULME hails from San Francisco and her published books number five. They begin twenty-six years ago with "Arab Interlude," a travelogue that was callow and touristy yet prophetic here and there of the fine writer Miss Hulme was to become.

"Arab Interlude" was followed by "Desert Night," a book I have never encountered, and then in 1938 by a novel called "We Lived as Children." The story of a San Francisco childhood, it was also the story of a broken home from the point of view of the children; a story written affectionately, without self-pity or accusation. I suspect it was one of the first American novels to write dispassionately of divorce. Although "We Lived as Children" had the one-line Hemingway-type paragraphs fashionable at the time, its people breathed life and originality and gave proof of the author's developing talent.

Evidently it made no great stir, however, for fifteen years went by before Miss Hulme's next book. In the interim she seems to have done many things, including a stint of wartime welding and an assignment to an UNRRA relief team setting up Displaced Persons' camps in Germany. The fruit of this latter experience was "The Wild Place," winner of the Atlantic Non-Fiction Award for 1953, a book full of tenderness and humor, which translated that wretched statistic the DP from a set of newspaper initials into a human being.

These earlier books were the warm-up. "The Nun's Story," Miss Hulme's newest, is the main event. It has the power, manifested in "The Wild Place," to see a regimented mass in terms of an individual without getting sentimental about the individual or magnifying him above his fellows. It has the wise simplicity of "We Lived as Children." It even has something of "Arab Interlude" in Sister Luke's passion for the sound and color of Africa. But whatever it draws from the past, "The Nun's Story" is different, totally unlike its predecessors, written with a sureness that bespeaks the mature artist and with a quality that I can only describe as radiance.

The jacket of the book, quoting Edward Weeks, says that "The Nun's Story" actually happened: "It is true in its essentials. It is the portrait of Sister Luke, a Belgian girl who turned aside from marriage to enter a famous nursing order." Passing in time from novice to nun, she conceived a burning desire to serve at a bush station in the Belgian Congo, but was sent instead to a mental sanitarium in Belgium. Even when she attained the Congo, her assignment was changed at the last minute from the bush station of her dreams to a city hospital. Overwork returned her finally, against her wishes, to Belgium. From a hospital in Holland she saw the parachutes of the Nazi invaders and discovered that she could still hate.

Presumably the original of Sister Luke was someone Miss Hulme met during her work as a relief administrator; but, though the factual basis may be what gives the story its texture of truth, it is presented as fiction, and as such it is superb. A nun would seem an unlikely candidate as heroine for a thriller, yet "The Nun's Story" is a thrilling narrative, not only when Sister Luke is wrestling with a schizophrenic in a madhouse or watching helplessly as three men are swallowed up by a quicksand in the Congo, but in her small solitary struggles.

The theme of the superior individual trying to fit into the mold is explored from every angle with profound sympathy in "The Nun's Story." Some readers may be disappointed in the way Sister Luke resolves her conflict. Others may resent the curiosity with which the author spies on the fascinating details of convent life, but the total effect of the story makes that way of life appear beautiful and meaningful. Even religious flagellation, an idea repellent to my Methodist mind, seems an act of reverence as Sister Luke performs it.

One may wonder how a novel about a nun could contain a love story, and yet the relationship of Sister Luke and the cynical Dr. Fortunati has all the elements of love. The two are bound by mutual respect and a deep compatibility. This episode is masterfully done. The excitment of love is there, and the spirit of fun with which a man and woman spar when they are trying not to be attracted to each other, but the emotion is suggested with flawless taste and Sister Luke's purity shines triumphantly through it. Miss Hulme has handled her difficult subject with a combination of directness and delicacy that seems quite wonderful.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THEY WENT TO HELL

Numerous writers have dispatched characters to the nether regions, where they have undergone a variety of experiences. David A. Bernstein of Alexandra, Va., summarizes eight such incidents and asks you to identify sources and authors. The bottomless pit yawns on page 52.

1. This kindly physician had a nice practice going in Hell until the authorities asked him to leave because he was relieving too much misery.
2. He went to Hell in a private elevator and found that the entrance resembled the foyer of a large theatre.
3. His guide on probably the most famous guided tour of the Nether World was a long deceased member of his own calling.
4. He told an enthralled circle of listeners about his glimpse into the mouth of Hell, but a dissenter claimed all he saw was a room being fumigated.
5. To make his stay in the Infernal Regions more enjoyable this glib adventurer set up light-housekeeping with a beautiful vampire.
6. Clad only in an undershirt and long cotton drawers he attended a grand ball in Hell as the guest of a witch.
7. The special Hell of this executed French collaborationist was to be doomed to spend eternity in a small room with a Lesbian and an infanticide as his cellmates.
8. He made a trip through a Western-style Hell carrying the body of the man he had murdered.

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Trapped by Tradition

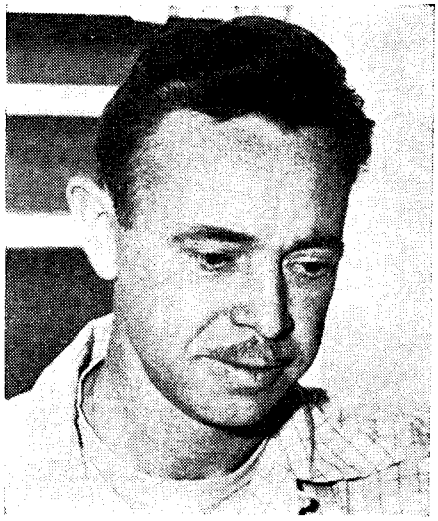
"The Year of Love," by Margaret Lee Runbeck *(Houghton Mifflin. 243 pp. $3.25), relates the betrothal and marriage of Anand and Soni, a young Indian couple and their efforts to counter some restraints of Hindu life.*

By Joseph Hitrec

MARGARET LEE RUNBECK's new novel, "The Year of Love," lends pertinence to an old controversy: whether it takes a born native or a sympathetic Westerner to render a piece of Indian life with integrity and without moral whitewashing. I think that on balance Mrs. Runbeck makes a rather solid case for the non-Indian.

In this intricately wrought cameo of Indian rural life Mrs. Runbeck offers more than the usual credentials. Compassion and knowledge of the subject are there in abundance, to be sure, but they are only part of the whole fabric. She can tell a story in valid dramatic terms and she develops believable characters. For once, too, the minutiae of peasant life caught in the implacable rhythm of the Indian soil and seasons are recorded not merely for their shock value but to advance the narrative action and sharpen character.

In the main "The Year of Love" is concerned with a young Hindu couple, Anand and Soni; it is a story of their betrothal and marriage and of their desire to enlarge their lives beyond the pigeonhole assigned by a hidebound social order. They are Khumbis who till their own land and whose roots are deep in the soil. Soni is a good-looking girl brought up with one aim in life, to become a devoted wife and to bear a son and heir to Anand. But Anand, who has been to school and has worked at the American mission hospital, teaches her to read and tries rather touchingly to give her an awareness of the world beyond the village walls. These erratic jabs at self-improvement are achieved in the face of great odds and what little happiness comes in their wake is soon dampened by family opposition and misunderstanding. The sheer weight of frozen tradition is not something that a couple of youngsters can dislodge single-handedly. And when Soni produces a daughter instead of the son everyone had hoped for the paths of escape are virtually blocked. Anand loses the land that should have been his and Soni must learn the full import of what it is to be a Hindu wife on whom the gods had stopped smiling. A brief upsurge,



David Duncan—"conveys . . . beauty."

a little hopeful soaring, a long downward curve—of such tiny, paralyzed graphs is the Hindu destiny composed.

If Anand represents the will of India to better itself, it is Soni who pays the price in the long run, for it is in the nature of Hindu ethics that they bear down harder on a woman than a man. In a sense, therefore, this is Soni's story—a saga of womanhood at a level of society where tradition and inequity are still interchangeable; where under the hallowed banners of duty and one's lot feats of stoicism are daily exacted from an individual. Since Mrs. Runbeck is not an Indian and can admit the inadmissible the destinies of Anand and Soni are stacked throughout. That in spite of those handicaps they manage to find love, hope, and even pleasure in their life together is both a mystery and a tribute to the human spirit. Credit Mrs. Runbeck with a sensibility that ranges freely and fruitfully between those two poles of Hindu life.

—*Paul A. Hesse.*

Margaret Runbeck—"solid case."

Holy March

"The Trumpet of God," by David Duncan *(Doubleday 384 pp. $4.50), is a story of the two tragic Children's Crusades and especially the one led by the German Nicholas.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

IN the first quarter of the thirteenth century, when the high purposes of the earlier crusaders had been corrupted into sorry politics and the litigious little Norman realms of Acre, Antioch, and Jerusalem were squabbling among themselves for power, there arose two new crusades that, however impossible it was for them to succeed, at least brought back the ancient glow.

I refer to the so-called Children's Crusades—the first led by French Stephen, the second by German Nicholas. These two young visionaries (or young fools) somehow inspired a ragged horde of boys and girls to march with them across Europe toward the Holy Land. So doing, they created a legend that still shines like the star on a Christmas tree, however tragic its end.

For the end was tragic indeed. The followers of Stephen did reach Marseilles, and there found ships. But the shipowners were pirates who sold them as slaves to the infidel. Many a French lass ended up in some pasha's harem. Less is known about the fate of Nicholas's followers. They disappeared, leaving behind them the story of the Pied Piper.

It is really of Nicholas's crusade that David Duncan writes in his "The Trumpet of God," an historical novel that will surely find many readers. To be sure, Nicholas is not the leader in this vivid book. Instead, it is one Ulric, an escaped serf, who is made to persuade Nicholas's followers to follow him instead. But the structure and the happenings conform to the structure and probable happenings of the German boy's adventure, which also started in Cologne.

On the whole Mr. Duncan has done an excellent job. It has always been wondered whether this lemming-like march of the young was caused by mass hysteria or divine inspiration. In his description of brutal peasant life, of its starvation and indignities, he shows that it was something of both, but that it was also a mass escape—that it had in it something of the child who, punished by hard parents, runs away from home.

Mr. Duncan also senses and conveys well the new return to Christ which burgeoned with such beauty in that

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era. If there was anything in the teachings of Waldo and St. Francis, it was that men should imitate Christ rather than merely preach him. The impact of both of these teachers is important to the hero and the book.

But Mr. Duncan does not bring his story to an entirely effective conclusion. It is nice to have a happy ending, and it is pleasant to see Ulric and Sieglinde, the peasant girl who has loved him always, walk hand in hand over "the flaming hills of autumn" as "two in a mysterious land" they approach Assisi. But something sharper is needed to point out the moral which obviously is in Mr. Duncan's mind.

IN LOVE AND WAR: In **"The Fair Game"** (Norton, $3.75) Constantine Fitzgibbon has written a novel about wartime England which is funny without being arch or jolly, satiric without being bilious, and human without being cloying. This should entitle the author to a prize of some sort.

The hero of "The Fair Game" is a somewhat bookish young man named Thomas Phipps (he reads Spengler while off on a naughty weekend) whose career Mr. Fitzgibbon follows from late adolescence to early marriage. Tommy is early initiated by a lady novelist named Maeve into what she calls "the secrets of Cytherea." Maeve is a sun-worshipper ("We must be proud of our bodies, Tommy! . . . We must let the sun kiss them, and the winds!") She is also an abstract art worshipper, a D. H. Lawrence worshipper, and a protean follower of progressive causes and upper-class men. Maeve and her enterprises thread through the book, shedding sunlight, clothes, and hilarity. Other unforgettable characters are Tommy's literary father who suffers nobly in the Ministry of Public Enlightenment, and the publishing team of Honeybun & Brewer, whose entire list seems to be written by Honeybun.

After being expelled from various schools, once for receiving photographs of Maeve (in her sun-worshipper suit), Tommy stumbles into the army and into love with a Michael Arlenish girl named Lola. Lola is married to one Nosey Carmichael, a Commando hero, who enjoys slicing off Germans' heads with lengths of cheesewire. ("Everybody enjoys doing anything he does well.") What happens when Phipps finds himself in the homicidal Carmichael's outfit provides an intriguing conclusion to Mr. Fitzgibbons's brilliant tale of love and war. —MARTIN LEVIN.

HIS AND HERS: Virginia Rowans, who, I am told, also works under the pseudonym of Patrick Dennis (or is it the other way around?), has written a book peculiarly suited to an author with a double identity. It is **"The Loving Couple"** (Crowell, $3.50), which might be described as a His and Hers novel. "The Loving Couple" covers a day in the lives of a pair of young marrieds whose happy union is about to break up on the reefs of easy suburban living. And it covers it from the viewpoint of each participant in turn; half is His Story, (reading from front to back), the other half (reading from back to front) is Her Story. Or is it the other way around? Whichever end is first, "The Loving Couple" has quite a few chuckles to offer.

The teller of His Story rushes out of his home in a glistening new suburban enclave, sick of his wife, his country-clubby surroundings, his job as advertising manager of the Popescu Pulse-Beat Watch Company, and nearly everything else connected with his present status as a rising young executive. Shortly afterward, his wife also sallies forth with nearly identical sentiments but different destinations. Each has a day and an evening on the town in the pursuit of pleasure and oblivion. This reviewer will not be so churlish as to reveal the finale, but since it is the same for each segment of the novel—one half of Miss Rowans's bisected book is bound to be somewhat anti-climactic. A more grievous fault is the fact that the author, in an all-out effort to be devastating, bears down much too heavily on the victims of her satire. "Auntie Mame" was not distinguished for its subtlety either, but it had a lighthearted tone that made its slapstick ingratiating. "The Loving Couple," especially Her Story, is simply one crushing caricature after another, few of them especially edifying. Nevertheless, Miss Rowans's book does offer a staggering collection of contemporary oddities and a number of entertaining moments.

—M. L.

YANKS AND AUSSIES: When a survey team of Topeka Exploration Company arrives at a lonely Australian sheep station to probe for oil it hauls with it some of the products of American culture—soda pop, portable showers, and back issues of the mass magazines. To Mollie Regan, on whose father's million-acre ranch the Topeka boys are encamped, their arrival brings an exotic whiff of "the countries of the glossy kodachromes," where the toast pops up by itself and the sheets snap on without tucking. This contrast of cultures in Nevil Shute's latest novel, **"Beyond The Black Stump"** (Morrow, $3.75), is underlined by a romance between Mollie and Stanton Laird, an American oil geologist. Mollie is from a family whose mores are as generous as the acreage. Her papa drinks rum by the jugful and has two wives on the premises, neither of whom has a certificate to show for her trouble. Stanton, on the other hand, hails from an ex-frontier town in Oregon that has degenerated into a miniature Zenith. When Mollie flies out to inspect Stan in his native habitat she finds that the mechanical conveniences she adores are inadequate compensation for the Babbittry that goes along with them.

Mr. Shute's sniping at American small-town life is accurate enough, but his depiction of what is presumably an all-American boy is less than satisfactory. —M. L.

ALSO NOTED: **"A Little More Time,"** by David Chandler (John Day, $3.50), shows the disadvantages of being married to a movie star with a "wild, pulsing passion that forever sought fulfillment." For one thing, she turns to fulfillment in the arms of many men while her spouse Paul, a run-down journalist, plumbs the bottom of the bottle. Finally Paul travels to India, where he imbibes the philosophy of renunciation and returns to break with his Hollywood-struck wife and seek a new life. Mr. Chandler's novel is altogether too artificial and so slickly contrived that any semblance to reality is purely coincidental.

"Erskine Caldwell's Gulf Coast Stories" (Little, Brown, $3.50), is a collection of tales—some old, some new—unified by their locale and preoccupation with befuddled people. The heroine of "Her Name Was Amelie" shuttles between her lover and husband so often that she does not know whose child she bears and in frustration decides to end it all. In "Bud Perry's First Wife" a Mingusville fellow makes love to a New Orleans girl and is tricked into marrying her mother. A dash of sex-suggestiveness, sentimental portraiture, some folksy humor, and a quick end-twist characterize these surface-skimming stories.

"The Human Angle," by William Tenn (Ballantine, clothbound, $2; paperbound, 35¢), is a collection of science-fiction stories straight out of this world. For example, there is "Wednesday's Child," in which the personnel chief of Slaughter, Stark & Slingsby discovers that one of the office girls has odd charms such as an appendix which grows back after each operation, and furthermore that she has no navel. To keep this creature all to himself he marries her to see what kind of offspring they will have. His curiosity is satisfied when the child turns out to be even more peculiar than her mother. Wild and corny from beginning to end. —S. P. MANSTEN.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Growing Up in Bloomsbury

***"The Flowers of the Forest," by David Garnett** (Harcourt, Brace. 252 pp. $4.50), continues the autobiography of the prominent British man of letters begun in "The Golden Echo."*

By Virgilia Peterson

AT A TIME when autobiographies multiply like mushrooms after rain there is no need to justify David Garnett, who has spent his life in close association with the British intellectual luminaries of our time, for the stream of memories which began with his early youth in "The Golden Echo" and now continues in "The Flowers of the Forest" with the World War I years, as result of which he found his profession, his wife, and himself. If Mr. Garnett cannot be said to be writing a social history of twentieth-century England—since he and his selective company comprise a special group within, but isolated from, society as such—he is certainly writing a history of personalities without whose impact the literature, art, and even politics of England would have today a different shape.

But for the general reader who wants to slip easily and cozily into Mr. Garnett's coterie and feel at home there the entry to the charmed circle he describes in "The Flowers of the Forest" remains tantalizingly hard to find. Unless you already know Bloomsbury, automatically know who these people are who crowd the pages and from whom they are descended and whom they have married and what they do; unless, at least in your imagination, you have a certain intimacy with these public figures you will find them as hard to indentify as to understand. It is up to you to recognize, in Constance and Edward, Mr. Garnett's parents; to supply surnames for Virginia, Vanessa, Noel, Adrian, Lytton, Maynard, Roger, Duncan, and Frankie, and to keep track of them as they come and go. Only incidentally does the author take you into his confidence to pin down the quality of his relationships with these people, the exchanges of opinion, the atmospheres charged with their temper and temperament.

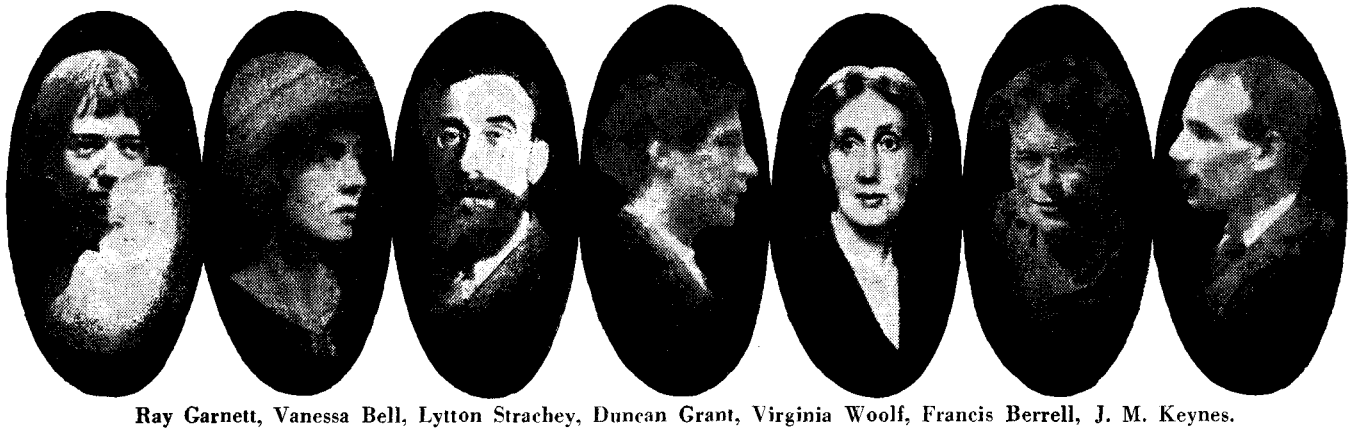
In spite of being the only child of a mother who spent her life translating Russian masterpieces and a father whose vocation and avocation were to unearth literary gifts, it was not until David Garnett had advanced quite far in botanical research that he discovered that literature, not science, was his real *métier*. Upon the publication of "Lady into Fox," soon after his marriage when he was thirty-two, he joined professionally the group with which in every other way he had long since identified himself.

Unlike the earlier volume of Garnett's autobiography, "The Flowers of the Forest" has its grim side. Although he says in the preface that sets the tone for this period when the flower of England's manhood was falling that he "did not suffer" and that for him these "years of bitterness and horror were years of spiritual and esthetic growth," nevertheless he underwent his own special suffering. He was, in the heat of war, a pacifist. Physically his share of England's work—with the Quakers rebuilding villages in France—was not hard. But his refusal to fight was hard. For while it satisfied the principles he was brought up to—belief in the inexcusability of war, resistance to any authoritarianism—it could not entirely satisfy his conscience with so many friends being killed and under such contempt as in the letter from a former friend saying: "Have Rupert and Nurse Cavell died in vain? I spew you out of my mouth." It is the story of this interior struggle of Garnett's that gives the second volume a sharp edge quite lacking in the account of the midnight swims, walking trips, and flirtations that constitute so large a part of the first.

This volume also has political overtones of ironic import today. As a child Garnett had been to Russia twice to visit the liberals with whom Constance Garnett had always instinctively made friends. In London during the First World War they knew the famous Russian exiles, and toward the end thought they saw in Russia's revolution the spread of European peace. Neither David Garnett himself, nor his parents, nor his Bloomsbury friends were Communists but most of them, at the start of the revolution, pinned their hopes upon it.

Those who read David Garnett's recent novel "Aspects of Love" will remember that, beyond politics, his non-conformism extends to the relations between men and women. Although far more prudent about love when it comes to personal revelations than he was in that Rabelaisian little tale, he makes clear from the start that his passions were well spent and that if he is reticent about them it is chiefly because some of the ladies, and their relatives, are still extant.

A curious personality emerges from this book. Far less urbane and fastidious as an autobiographer than as a novelist, but also more eccentric and more sensitive, Garnett represents not a type but a species, *sui generis*, quite impossible to imagine outside that singular British group—socially privileged, economically careful and often pinched, intellectually radical, easily bored, easily intolerant, and wholly internecine in its friendships and its strife. What lifts this group from a mere curiosity into real significance is the fact that it is committed to the preservation of the free mind.



Ray Garnett, Vanessa Bell, Lytton Strachey, Duncan Grant, Virginia Woolf, Francis Berrell, J. M. Keynes.

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AN EDWARDIAN BOYHOOD

The Autobiography of an English Poet Not Yet Well Known in America

***"Over the Bridge," by Richard Church** (E. P. Dutton. 250 pp. $3.75).*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

WHAT Graham Greene has called "the lost childhood" has always been an important theme in literature. In our time, because of the discoveries of Freud and the frustrating perplexities even the "normal" must face in a period of war and armed truce, even more has been written about the happy-sad or sad-happy years that may lead to maturity. Thinking of the fiction of Elizabeth Bowen, Carson McCullers, E. M. Forster, Thomas Wolfe, Joyce Cary, and William Faulkner, of the autobiographies of Henry Adams, Steffens, Spender, and Osbert Sitwell, it almost seems that childhood and youth is *the* major subject of modern literature. This is not unhealthy. To understand our present and plan our future we must understand our past. To get where we are going and endure where we are we must know where we have been.

Richard Church's "Over the Bridge," the story of a life that began in late Victorian times and reached maturity in Edward's reign, is one of the best autobiographies I have read. In tone it resembles Joyce Cary's unsentimentally happy novel about his past selves, "A House of Children"; in content it is not unlike George Orwell's fragments about his childhood and youth. But it is also, like any distinguished work, quite different from anything anyone else has done. Though it is both philosophical and sociological upon occasion, the concentration is upon the inner life that flows under and develops from the apparently trivial, upon an ordinary early life that became the basis for a more than ordinary career.

At sixty-three Richard Church is little known in America, has only a quiet reputation in England. He has published a dozen volumes of poetry, has won the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize for his novel about the Civil Service, "The Porch." He appears with great frequency as a critic in major British periodicals. Perhaps the reason for his minor reputation is that he has attached himself to no clique, has never tried to be fashionable, has developed his own kind of poetry without the portentousness that often seems the requisite for becoming an immortal while still alive. In what I have read of his poetry, as in "Over the Bridge" he is

> The poet who could take
> The rapture that is dumb
> And simple music make.

Commendable, but certainly not à la mode.

Mr. Church comes from a remarkable lower middle-class family that had no contact with the world of art, that lived a life of happy isolation. His father, a postman, knew a few simple tunes he would play over and over on his violin, but his chief interest was bicycling with his wife and two sons over the England he knew as well as the addresses he delivered to. Mr. Church's mother, better educated, was a schoolteacher, a woman of determination and sensitivity—above all a good mother Richard Church loved just short of abnormality. The father was almost perpetually gay, healthy, and financially irresponsible; the mother was frail, more mutedly happy, and the one who kept the family economically afloat. In the closed corporation of this family that cared for and had few friends, neither Richard nor his gifted brother, Jack, found much appreciation or encouragement of their unusual gifts. Yet they were happy.

The reason for their happiness—which transcended genteel poverty, bad times at school, ill-health, and the death of the mother—was their (particularly Richard's) ability to enjoy uncommonly what is generally considered commonplace. The first chapter, where the children acquire an aquarium and carry it through mean and dangerous streets they must pass to get home, has the tensity (but not the lack of depth) of a thriller. So do the sections about how Richard learned to read, about the new world he discovered when his myopia was corrected by glasses, about his sudden conviction that Christ was in him, about the move to a suburban home where he learned to wake in joy to the song of thrushes, about his first experience in *feeling* Shakespeare, about the day when he first read Keats and found himself armed by the certainty that poetry would be his vocation and his weapon against the dreary business of making a living. "I learned," he says, "the secret of joyous living with an eye on the object and not on self, and a full confidence in that 'negative capability' which the young Keats discovered to be the true talisman of all poets. I would apply it still more widely, to every human being who desires freedom from the prison of self and a confidence to grapple with the most outrageous of circumstances." He has.

There is, too, much else that is good. His interesting comments about the stoicism required to preserve joy while earning what one needs, his criticism of the bureaucratic mode in modern life all of us, armed or unarmed, experience, what he has to say (in contrast to Orwell) in praise of the lower middle class. If one reads "Over the Bridge" he wonders why so little is known of Richard Church over here; why, even in England, he had to wait sixty-three years before he was granted the recognition of *The Sunday Times* Prize for Literature. It begins to seem almost a criminal offense (I, too, am guilty of not having read enough of Mr. Church) that his novel "The Porch" and his "Collected Poems" have been published only in England. All honor to the American publishers of "Over the Bridge" and still more honor if they undertake to publish more of his work

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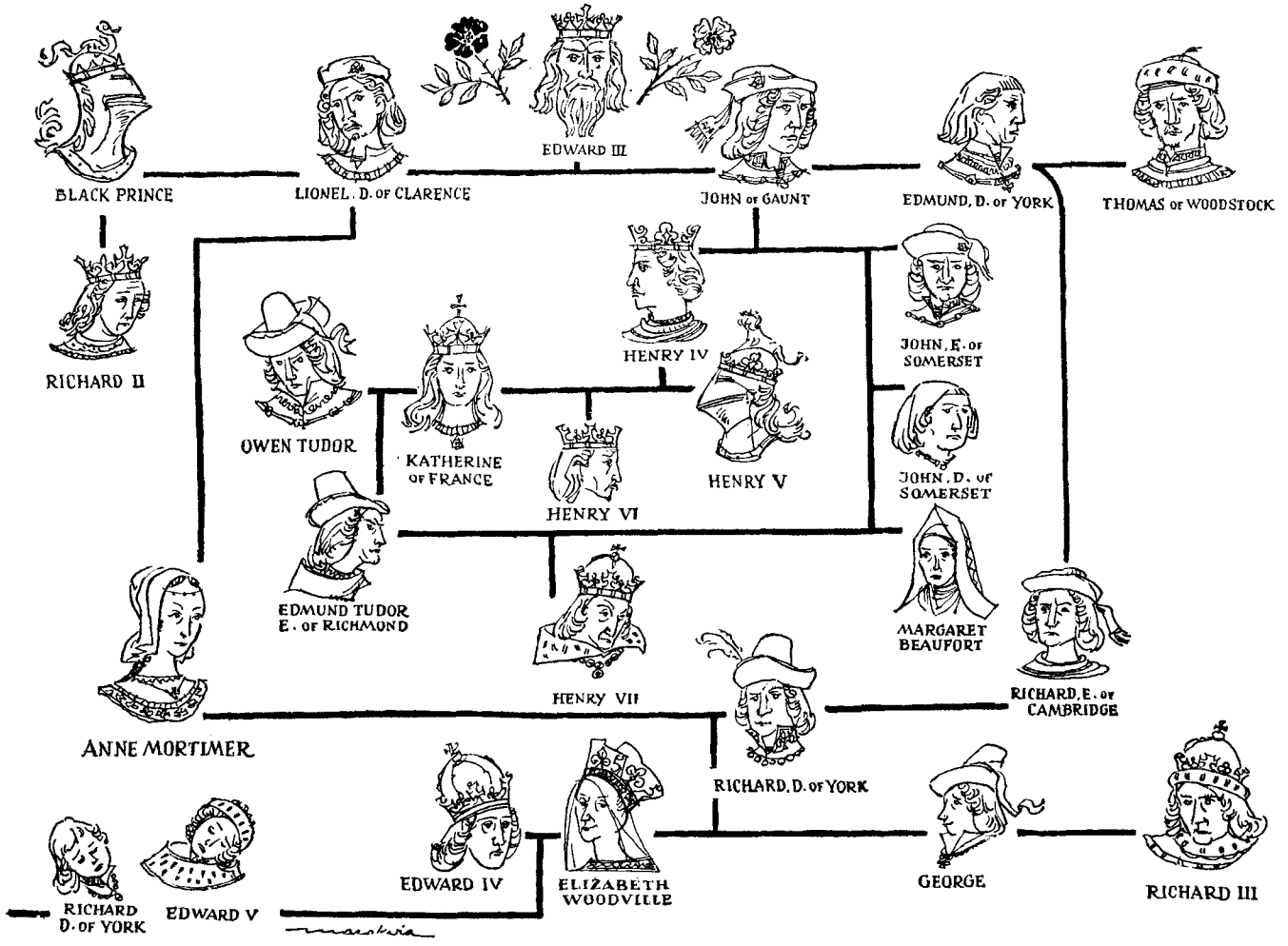

Vindicating a Wounded Name

"Richard the Third," by Paul Murray Kendall *(W. W. Norton. 602 pp. $5.95), is a full-tapestried biography of the enigmatic fifteenth-century monarch which hazards a guess as to what happened to the missing princes.*

By Geoffrey Bruun

RICHARD III of England died on Bosworth Field in 1485. In France that patient spider Louis XI had recently outplayed the gaudy gambler Charles the Rash of Burgundy. In Germany a peasant couple named Luther were teaching their son Martin to take his first steps. In Italy the Renaissance had reached its golden noon and a Florentine youth named Machiavelli was learning about life. In Spain Ferdinand and Isabella were planning to reduce the last Moorish stronghold while a Genoese navigator pleaded for their attention.

It was the dawn of the modern era, but Richard of Gloucester and the Wars of the Roses seem echoes of an earlier age. England in the fifteenth century was weathering the final disruptive upsurge of feudal anarchy before the Tudor despotism consolidated the monarchy and a new nobility, enriched with the confiscated wealth of the medieval church, eclipsed the older nobility of the sword.

Apart from his dramatic death, and the villainies ascribed to him by Tudor historians and by Shakespeare, he has remained a little-known and enigmatic figure. Paul Murray Kendall has performed a monumental labor in searching out and piecing together in his new book "Richard the Third" the myriad chips of a fragmentary mosaic. Here, as nearly as patience, scholarship, and intelligent surmise can achieve it, is a definitive biography of Richard III.

It is a noteworthy performance enriched by all the qualities demanded by its theme and genre. The central character emerges as a prince of unusual promise, capable of loyalty and magnanimity. But as he reaches maturity he is corrupted by compulsions that, Hamlet-like, he mistakes for duties, and he is slain before he can vindicate his usurpation or clarify his purposes even to himself, leaving behind a "wounded name" and no loyal Horatio to set the record straight. The elaborate background the author reconstructs for this tragedy has the color, variety, and symbolism of a medieval tapestry. The multitude of historical characters who crowd the stage provide a succession of minor dramas within the drama as they indulge their passions, intrigues, and shifting allegiances. The prose style is equal to the high argument.

Aside from the battle narratives—Barnet, Tewkesbury, Bosworth—this is a tale in which the author's speculations are as absorbing as the events recounted. Mr. Kendall is one of those "scholar adventurers" who inspires a reader with his own excitement as he tracks down and evaluates the clues. On many episodes he confesses frankly that no final verdict is ascertainable. Did Richard murder the two young princes in the Tower? The presumption is strong but still debatable, and to affirm it leaves a number of discrepant factors unresolved. Did

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Buckingham dispose of them without Richard's knowledge and Richard condone the *fait accompli*? Plausible, but it cannot be proved. Did Henry Tudor have them put away after he won the crown? Less probable, but not to be ruled out with certitude.

FOR those who relish a rich-textured biography with literary overtones, a biography that recaptures an age by re-creating its leading scenes and characters in picturesque detail, Mr. Kendall (who is an American professor of English literature) has assured hours of enchantment. For those who like historical whodunits that marshal all available evidence objectively, offer perspicacious interpretations, but leave the reader to do some sleuthing and conjecturing on his own, this is a prize item.

Students of fifteenth-century England will profit by it too, however erudite their own researches. For although the scholarly apparatus never gets in the way of the enjoyment this is a work of care and acumen. It is equipped with maps, reference notes, a genealogical table, bibliography, appendices, and a compendious index. First published in Great Britain in 1955, it was well received there, and has already run to two impressions.

ITALIAN NATIONALIST: Garibaldi was at one and the same time a "real" man and a myth. He was "real," with many human virtues and more than his share of all-too-human frailties, one of the most exceptional and truly heroic personalities of the nineteenth century, a "Hero of Two Worlds." He was also a myth, the liberator of the oppressed, the shield of the disinherited, the baptizer of men into a mystic faith without dogma or priests, a "messiah" with "divine" and thaumaturgic powers. To rescue such a figure as this, to separate the man from the hero, the reality from the myth, is a delicate job indeed. Mack Smith has done it incisively, with admirable skill and unmistakable clarity, in **"Garibaldi,"** an eminently readable addition to Knopf's Great Lives in Brief Series ($2.50). In some parts fascinating, in others iconoclastic, this little book is divided into eighteen relatively short chapters spanning the three-quarters century of Garibaldi's life.

Perhaps unavoidably, the hero is somewhat shadowy in the earlier and later chapters. He comes full-bloodedly alive once Mack Smith finds him in action for the defense of the short-lived Mazzinian Roman Republic of 1849 and particularly in the intense years which went from the expectant sailing from Quarto, in May 1860, towards the "liberation" of the South to the terrible moment at Aspromonte, in August 1862, when Garibaldi lay badly wounded by the fire aimed against his "rebel" band in the name of the king to whom he had handed half a nation two years before. It is, however, when Mack Smith discusses Garibaldi's actions during the *annus mirabilis*, 1860, that he attains a truly masterly synthesis, for here he is on an historical ground he knows intimately, having recently explored and expertly analyzed it in his excellent monograph on "Cavour and Garibaldi, 1860: A Study in Political Conflict."

Mr. Smith's toned-down approach, his unemphatic style, his understatements should prove a sound antidote to the fanfare and noise which usually surround the false demiurges.

—A. WILLIAM SALOMONE.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON: Albert Guérard, who a year ago published a tolerant and wonderfully detailed little biography of Napoleon III in Knopf's Great Lives in Brief Series is less successful with his **"Napoleon I"** ($2.50) in the same series. His effort to see the first Napoleon as "all too human: our brother . . ." merits applause; it is Napoleon who is to blame. He does not lend himself to the "all too human" treatment as readily as his nephew Louis Napoleon and the cronies of the Second Empire. Not that he lacked defects, for as Mr. Guérard determinedly says, he "lost six campaigns out of twelve . . . botched the Concordat and allowed himself to be hoodwinked by Talleyrand and Fouché." But Napoleon, in spite of the streak of naïveté that goes with greatness, committed himself to little except his own ambition. He could go all out, and blunder on an epic scale, but as Mr. Guérard says in a fine peroration, he attached his ambition to no cause, to no nation, no class, no philosophy, not even to the army which was his instrument, or to Europe, from which he would have conquered the world. He was, as Talleyrand discovered, not civilized, "not ruled by common sense and a realistic view of the possible," and that is why, in spite of his wonderful technical proficiency, he could never rest, and had to be beaten. That is why Mr. Guérard finds himself describing a "formidable hypertrophy of the ego."

Mr. Guérard looks at his subject without adoration and refuses to be a "Napoleonist." This is well enough, but he places perhaps too much emphasis on Napoleon's will and not enough on his problems. As a result the Emperor seems less human than the author intended, more of an enigma.

—PAUL H. BEIK.

USA

Into the Presidency

"Franklin D. Roosevelt: The Triumph," by Frank Freidel *(Little, Brown. 433 pp. $6), the third volume of an extensive biography, carries the story through the gubernatorial years to the 1932 election. Professor Lindsay Rogers of Columbia University is our reviewer.*

By Lindsay Rogers

LONG, hard, and mayhap frustrating is the way of a biographer who plans to take his subject from the cradle to the grave. Ray Stannard Baker spent twelve years on his life of Woodrow Wilson and then threw in the sponge on Wilson's last years: he did not want to deal with the delicate question of "Presidential inability." Frank Freidel's first volume appeared four years ago and ended with Franklin Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy; the second volume dealt with "The Ordeal" of infantile paralysis, and now the third instalment, subtitled "The Triumph," chronicles the two terms as Governor of New York and the Presidential campaign of 1932. Can this biennial schedule be maintained?

From now on the way will be rockier. The heaps of papers that will have to be examined are much vaster and the major members of the cast become more numerous. If still living they will have to be interviewed; if they have departed this life the Columbia University "oral history project" may have persuaded them to put their recollections in tape recordings. By the time the fourth volume appears (on "The Hundred Days" alone?), the "secondary sources" will have increased mightily. Thus, as Mr. Freidel notes, last year saw the publication of Bernard Bellush's "Franklin D. Roosevelt As Governor New York"—"an admirable analysis." I wouldn't know. But during the last month Mr. Freidel has been scooped on the subject matter of his next two or maybe three volumes: James MacGregor Burns in "The Lion and the Fox" devoted most of his space to the first two Presidential terms, and did a brilliant job. Meanwhile, in part, I take it, because of the excellence of his first two volumes, Mr. Freidel has been translated from a professorship at the University of Illinois to a professorship at Harvard. So the long, hard way of a full-length biographer can have a pleasant turning.

Ploughmen have labored on the

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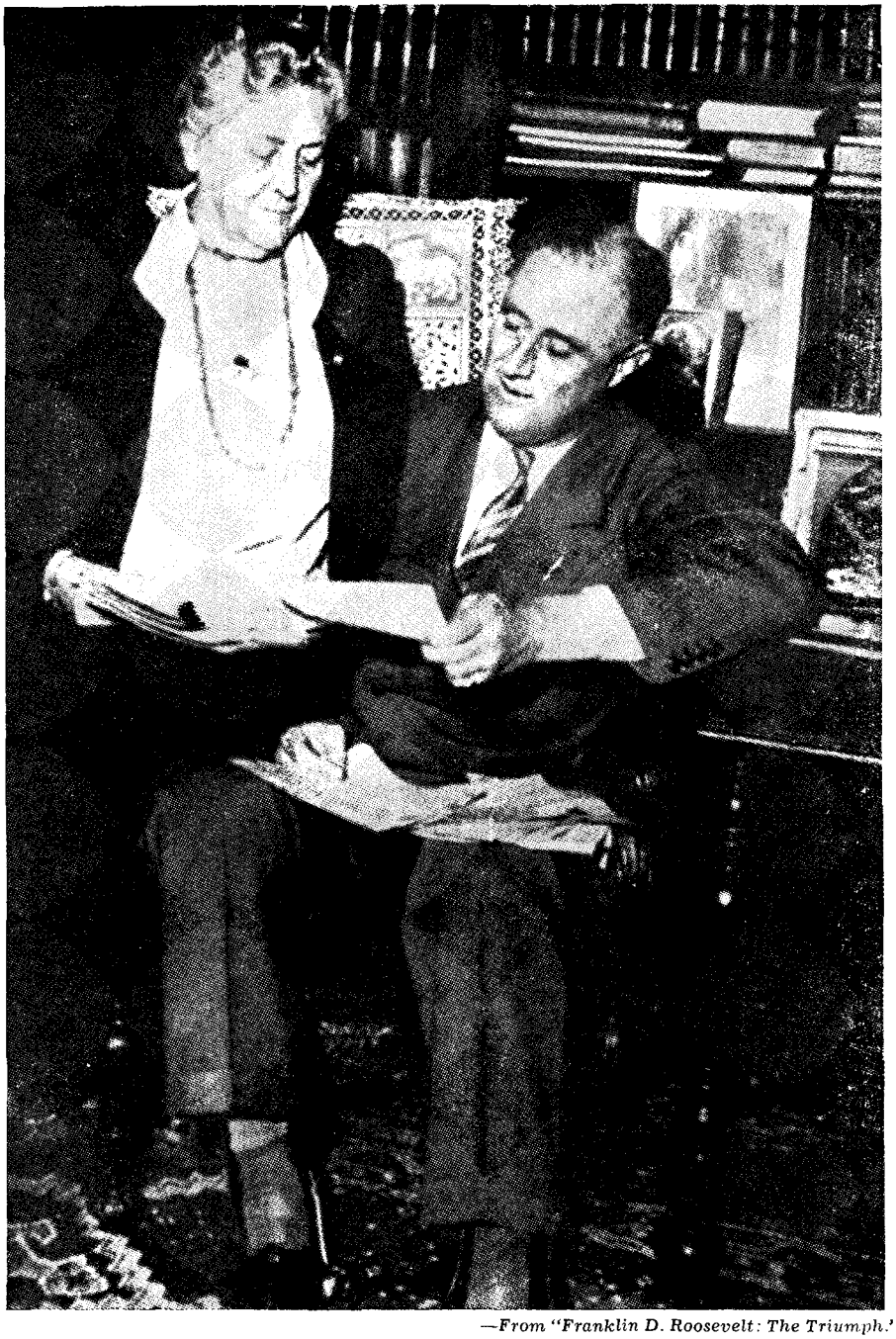
1928-1932 political field, and it is good to have Mr. Freidel's harrowing of the ground, although he has to work hard to make the two gubernatorial terms interesting. Public power as of a quarter of a century ago; appropriations for hospitals; state aid for local schools and so on? Even magnificent campaigning for a second term in Albany and the duel with "Jimmy" Walker, the debonair but far from devoted mayor of New York City, do not now seem of much importance. To one battle that Roosevelt had with the legislature Mr. Freidel might have devoted more space—not in recounting the maneuvers but in analyzing the issues: the Governor's refusal to share with the chairmen of the legislative appropriations committees the parceling out of lump sum appropriations. That kind of clash is still with us and only a few weeks ago Mr. Eisenhower vetoed a military construction bill because it would have required the consent of congressional committees for Defense Department action on military housing and guided missiles. Congress and state legislatures are going to renew this battle and it would have been worth while to deal with the pros and cons.

BIOGRAPHERS of Franklin Roosevelt get great help from their subject. This is not because he bothered to record a decision or to write memoranda or appreciations of situations. In this respect he was extraordinarily negligent even when compared with men who fell well below the standard set by that stellar minute writer Sir Winston Churchill. Almost the only instance that Mr. Freidel gives of Roosevelt ever writing anything "for the record" showed "long-smouldering resentment". The subject was the rift with "Al" Smith; the account was "less than fair to Smith", and the "facts" as Roosevelt put them in the "record" are contradicted by Mr. Freidel's story. But why should a President in his second term bother about a minor matter of a decade before? Did his conscience bother him?

The help to biographers comes from Roosevelt's correspondence. Even the formal letters often lapsed into informality, and in writing to friends he apparently got the relaxation that other statesmen have sought by reading Westerns and playing bridge. So until the politicking that preceded the National Convention of 1932 increased the pace, Mr. Freidel, by judicious quotations from letters, keeps the recounting of pedestrian matters from seeming itself to be pedestrian. As for the pre-convention strategical moves directed from Albany, one wonders whether they were more decisive than the confusion of the anti-Roosevelt forces, and one wonders also whether the result in Chicago proved much more than the truth of the old adage: "You can't beat somebody with nobody." Surely this accounts for the fact that Roosevelt did not suffer more from his unsportsmanlike endeavor in 1932 to change the rules of the game after he was in the Presidential race: to abolish the two-thirds rule for the nomination. The volume ends with a vivid account of the 1932 campaign—the first in which a candidate used the radio to advantage and in which his speeches came off an assembly line.

Mr. Freidel does not agree with Carlyle that the biographer should possess "the open, loving heart," and that he should "clean the dirt" from the great man and put him on his "proper pedestal." Although Mr. Freidel is not a reverent biographer, he almost never borrows Lytton Strachey's method of irony, which was delightful and proper until he sacrificed precision in order to be sardonic; and he never imitates Philip Guedella, who tampered with the truth in order to make a well-turned phrase. Hence "objective" is the adjective that often has been, and will continue to be, used to describe Mr. Freidel's volumes, unless their manner changes before the end of the long road is reached. In many ways the adjective is "encomiastic."



—*From "Franklin D. Roosevelt: The Triumph."*

Mrs. Sara Roosevelt and son at Hyde Park in 1932—"his speeches off an assembly line."

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Lowdown on the Top

***"The Executive Life," by the Editors of* Fortune** *(Doubleday. 223 pp. $3.50), is an analysis of the public and personal lives of the new breed that manages American big business today. Professor John S. Gambs of Hamilton College is our reviewer.*

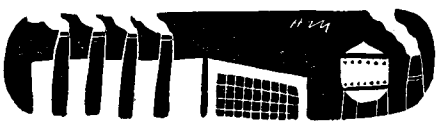
By John S. Gambs

THE great captains of American industry are gone. After them came the speculators and plungers; their day too has passed. Their establishments are in the hands of a new breed: managers, executives, bureaucrats. These latter-day executives hold together what others have created; they develop rather than originate. Instead of ruling with iron hand, they unobtrusively slip in and out of committee meetings, follow the seven cardinal principles of group thinking, and in mannerly tones propose action on the basis of areas of agreement.

The 200-room house, the 200-foot boat, the 200-guest dinner, have all but vanished. Now and again, to be sure, some atavistic Newport family can still manage thirty for dinner with one footman for each pair of diners, but even so modest a show is a mid-century wonder.

The new men of business are indeed a new race. What are they like? Where do they come from? What personal and office problems do they solve easily, and what kinds of problems make them crack up? How can they, if incompetent, be fired in their prime; and how be made to resign in old age if they dread entering the "women's world" of retirement? Do they work too hard? Do they like community activities? The editors of *Fortune* seek to answer these and allied questions in their new book, "The Executive Life," made up in part at least of articles previously published in their magazine.

We learn that most business executives come from the East or Midwest, the South being infertile breeding ground for national corporation officials. The typical executive was graduated from college; he gets about $75,000 a year; he is around fifty-five years of age. As you go on reading you will learn, if you do not already know, that you can often force a man to resign by not giving him anything to do; that nervous breakdowns in executives often have their roots in childhood traumas—like the rest of us; that banks and advertising agencies harbor an inordinate number of vice presidents; that, though a few decisions are really difficult, most of them are routine.



A few facts applicable to the general population are given a twist by the authors' application of them to business officials. For example, success is as likely to cause crackups as heavy responsibility or failure. Again, the age of many big executives places them within the period of the male menopause—hence, the reader infers, many big business decisions are alloyed with the compulsions of endocrine stress.

In more than one place the reader may feel that questions raised are not adequately answered. An important one is whether or not the pay of top executives is too high. The strongest defense given of high pay is that if General Motors were to divide all executive compensation among its stockholders, each stockholder's dividend could be increased from $5 to only $5.04. But GM, one in a special class of a dozen mammoths, is not a typical corporation and a rather poor example to use. It is about twenty times larger than the typical corporation among the 500 largest firms in America. What is true of General Motors is not necessarily true of most corporations that are merely large. But why use dividends as a criterion? Price to the consumer is perhaps a more significant yardstick. The reader might have liked to know whether the consumer, taking all corporations together, has as little to lose from high executive compensation as the GM stockholder.

THE book leaves the impression of superficiality and rarely touches on issues of public import. American executives have in recent years given substantial help to liberal arts colleges; this reveals interest in academic freedom. Here is something in the lives of business executives worth looking into. But the editors of *Fortune* prefer to discuss the psychological bases of high blood pressure in executives —which are the same for all of us.

Seventy-five years ago John Ruskin asked whether executives lived by any code of professional ethics. His answer was an emphatic no. The question has been a central one ever since. Times have changed and today's reply would probably be different from Ruskin's. Anyone seriously examining the executive life cannot very well overlook this issue. The authors of this book, however, skip it as they hurry on to contemplate the symptoms of the male menopause among corporate officials.

Words and Blows

***"The Sweet Science," by A. J. Liebling** (Viking. 306 pp. $3.95), is a collection of random* New Yorker *pieces about the boxing world. Our reviewer, James Kelly, has long been a devoted student of the practice of the manly art.*

By James Kelly

ABBOTT JOSEPH LIEBLING yields to no man in his admiration of Pierce Egan (1772-1849), historian of London's early nineteenth-century ring wars whose principal work, "Boxiana," contains all anybody could want to know about contemporary personal and professional highlights of the "sweet science of bruising." Anybody wishing to pay Mr. Liebling an exact and knowing compliment might try this one: "Sir, you are the Pierce Egan of the Modern Prize Ring," just as Mr. Liebling, in leading off each entry in "The Sweet Science," his collection of random *New Yorker* pieces covering sardonic impressions and expressions of the boxing world, pays his effusive respects to Mr. Egan. The earlier chronicler is at various times metaphorically hailed as the Edward Gibbon, the Sir Thomas Mallory, the Thucydides, the Blind Rafferty, and the Arnold Toynbee (among others) of the London Prize Ring.

As a biographer of the Stillman's set, a group of fighters, managers, and trainers whose mass nerve center is on New York's Eighth Avenue and whose characteristics are as notable and noticeable in every way as those of Bloomsbury and Mayfair, Mr. Liebling's qualifications are apparent. A native New Yorker a few years older than Archie Moore, he has been handicapping and watching fights since the 1918 war. He is a newspaperman's newspaperman out of Providence and elsewhere who used to write pieces on America's wayward press until his attention was willingly distracted to great men like Joe Louis, Ray Robinson, and Charlie Goldman (Marciano's trainer); formidable and sometimes great men like Archie Moore and Sandy Saddler; colorful bystanders like Col. John R. Stingo, ring and track stylist of *The New York Enquirer;* unclassifieds such as Hurricane Jackson and promoter Jack Hurley; and the feverish, frequently misinformed fight followers.

Mr. Liebling has other random references as well—for example, the fact that he is several diffusely distributed stones heavier than a former Welsh heavyweight named Tommy Farr, who has built a successful journalistic career on the simple

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fact that he once lasted fifteen rounds with the Brown Bomber. As an enthusiastic amateur boxer himself Mr. Liebling participated until both wind and rounds got so short an opponent complained to him that nine-second rounds permitted no time for a knockout.

The roving reporter of "The Sweet Science" is a free and independent spirit who frames his material as it suits him. Coverage of a brief fight, for example, may start with the training camp, include snatches of offbeat conversation with sparring partners, trainers, and cab drivers, and end with some *expertise* about how to avoid the crowds after a fight at the Yankee Stadium or Polo Grounds. (You walk *north* to the next subway stop and then ride downtown in a seat.)

Since the magazine for which these pieces were prepared draws a very faint line between what is discursive and what is wildly overwritten some readers of this collection will become restless with the recurrence in various forms of the same retrospective or introspetcive idea. Apart from the Pierce Egan fugue and repetitious travel hints (which the publishers might at least have edited in the course of assembly), Mr. Liebling returns again and again to television's blighting effect upon professional fisticuffers:

> Neither the advertising agencies nor brewers, and least of all the networks, give a hoot if they push the Sweet Science back into a period of genre painting. When it is in coma they will find some other way to peddle their peanuts. In truth the kind of people who run advertising agencies and razor-blade mills have little affinity with the Heroes of Boxiana. A boxer, like a writer, must stand alone. If he loses he cannot call an executive conference and throw off on a vice president or the assistant sales manager. . . . It is because of the anticipated lean esthetic period induced by television that I have decided to publish this volume now. The transactions narrated in it happen to comprise what may be the last heroic (*sic*) cycle for a long time.

To be fair about it, we also get the dissenting opinion of mentalist Jack Kearns, former associate of Messrs. Dempsey and Maxim: "The writers are always crabbing about the fighters we got now, but look at the writers you got now themselves. All they think about is home to wife and children, instead of laying around saloons soaking up information."

Funny, acerb, authoritative, as full of fight mots as fight facts, "The Sweet Science" is superior sports writing with literary ruffles and flourishes.

Orazio does not want a toy . . . he dreams only of far-away

This is Orazio, age 7, one of three children. They live in a depressed area, a medieval village 25 miles from Rome. The mother is ill. The father works little, for there is much unemployment. He finds work 30 days a year, during the olive-picking season. They own a tiny plot of land which yields 2 sacks of barley a year. Home is a kitchen and one room, a table, four chairs and two broken beds with insufficient bedding. The walls are damp, the floor broken. The parents look with anguish on their anemic children whom they cannot feed or clothe. Orazio knows only unappeased hunger, cold and discomfort. His sad eyes in his freckled face tell a story of deep misery. Although Orazio never owned a toy, he does not dream of one . . . he dreams instead of a car in which he can drive far, far away from his miserable town. Help to Orazio means help to this family, hope instead of despair . . . a chance to live . . . a bulwark against destructive ideologies. Won't you help Orazio and his weary parents or other distressed children . . . many without one or both parents?

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Education Books

Continued from page 29

lege students from the University of California at Los Angeles embarked for India on their own good-will tour. From an improbable beginning, the inspiration from a speech, Miss Adaline Guenther had developed the idea, finding appropriate students, getting money from foundations, and, finally, making arrangements and leading the first group. In India these students met their Asian counterparts and talked with them, from platforms and in coffee-house gatherings, exchanging opinions, explaining their own country and, what was equally important, learning something about India.

The experiment was so successful that in the three years following our State Department supported the idea. And in 1955 Thomas Bruce Morgan and Bob Lerner went along to cover "Project India" for *Look Magazine.*

"Friends and Fellow Students" is the report of these two, text by Mr. Morgan, pictures by Mr. Lerner, a careful and intelligent, if colorless report on an experience which generates its own excitement. Fortunately, Mr. Morgan is young enough himself so that he naturally identifies with the student party. His view is very much that of a participant, very rarely rising above, to comment or analyze. But it is a virtue of the book that it draws few conclusions; the subject itself is an invitation to platitudes: People are alike wherever you go! If only the nationalities could meet face to face! . . . Yet, platitudes or not, these discoveries are exciting when seen at first hand through the eyes of the young. And in its unrelieved reportage "Friends and Fellow Students" does manage to re-create the illusion of discovery.

How much good will was generated among Indians by Project India is, perhaps, the hardest question which the book seeks to answer. It is our present habit to low-rate such experiments as a reaction to an earlier habit to overrate them. It is true, of course, that a handful of college students is no adequate substitute for the United States Information Service. But it is also true that it was the "amateurism" of Chester Bowles which revitalized American diplomacy in India.

What is most impressive about "Friends and Fellow Students" is the excitement of the idea behind the project it describes, the unadorned fact of one elderly woman and twelve college students setting out for India. It is not for the more sophisticated to discount their experience simply because the students were young and impressionable. It is important to remember that their Indian counterparts, whom they met by the thousands, were just as young and impressionable.

Mr. Morgan deserves credit for his taste and caution. He is never guilty of the shrill cliché. And if he is equally innocent of style and imagery, these are perhaps not missed in "Friends and Fellow Students."

Classes After Dark

"Ivory Towers in the Market Place," by John Dyer *(Bobbs-Merrill. 205 pp. $3), is a report on the place of the evening college in American education. Robert A. Love, who reviews it, is director of the Evening Session School of Business and Civic Administration, C. C. N. Y.*

By Robert A. Love

DESPITE the rapid growth of the adult evening college in recent decades this peculiarly American phase of higher education has been neglected by both analysts of education and popular writers. John Dyer fills this gap with an entertaining and informative book, "Ivory Towers in the Market Place."

In style and substance this is a provocative report rather than a comprehensive study or handbook. Writing with the skill of a disciplined historian (he is professor of history and dean of the University College at Tulane), Dr. Dyer shows how the current practices of evening colleges have arisen out of the traditions of day-college instruction and the unique needs of relatively mature, usually self-supporting adult students. He is dissatisfied with this largely hit-or-miss growth, and his real interest lies not in the past or present of the evening college, but in its future.

Significantly, he begins with some concrete description of the evening college student. Partly from statistical information and partly from intimate personal knowledge, the author gives some typical thumbnail sketches. There is "Charline," who has always dreamed of going to college, and finally starts eight years after high school graduation, and then only part-time while working as a secretary. By an incredible multiplication of effort and economy of time, she graduates *summa cum laude* in history, and gets a Fulbright scholarship to an English university. Then there is "Eileen," who is determined to be a doctor, against all the advice of her advisor, who knows that tests have shown her to have low potential in the sciences. Buying a car to commute between work and college, scrimping and saving, spending every spare moment on her studies, Eileen plugs away. But as so often happens, she is intellectually unequal to the task, and soon drops back into the oblivion she has hoped to escape. But then there is "Bob," a department store buyer whose commercial travel at home and abroad has convinced him of the need for a liberal education. Fitting classes all around his work schedule, Bob gets the degree, and some of the satisfactions that come with a discovery of the world of the mind. And so on, through all the kinds of personal difficulty that beset the lives of adults.

Against a background of this kind of "student life" it is easy to see how traditional day-college objectives and methods are inadequate. But the problem that currently besets the evening college is that it is still pretty much bound by day-college traditions of curriculum, instructional methods, administration, and financing. Few evening colleges have full-time faculties. Most courses are taught by day-college teachers who are adding to their regular teaching loads, and to their slender incomes. These men are under pressure from their day-college, subject-oriented departments to be scholar-teachers; but the evening college, with its mature, heterogeneous, strongly motivated students, needs faculty members who are primarily teachers rather than scholars. In order to assert such needs of his college, and to satisfy them, the evening college dean has to provide extraordinarily forceful leadership. He has to see that academic standards are maintained in his college; he also has to see that his college, which often shows a superficial "profit" on operational revenues because it uses a plant whose expenses are already carried on the books of the daytime institution, is given sound financial support and full status as part of the university. And almost invariably these problems are compounded by the fact that the evening college dean is a former day-college faculty member without special knowledge of his new field.

Dr. Dyer's critical view of the multifarious problems that have beset evening colleges in the past by no means dims his vision of their future. As our increased material standard of living brings increased leisure to more people more and more adults will be attracted to the higher education they have missed earlier in their lives. The future of the evening college that has grown up to serve the needs of these

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people must be charted, he asserts, in accordance with well thought-out educational objectives. The entire university should formulate these objectives, and should help to build an effective agency to carry out a vital program of liberal, college-level education of adults.

Because "Ivory Towers in the Market Place" is critical and deals with many controversial subjects many readers will disagree with all or part of the book. But all who read it can hardly fail to think more deeply and intelligently about its subject. It is recommended reading for anyone in any phase of evening college activity; it is absolutely indispensable for anyone who has any educational, administrative, or fiscal responsibility for evening college operations.

British Miss Dove

"Village School," by "Miss Read" *(Houghton Mifflin. 238 pp. $3), is an account of a year of English village life as seen through its primary school.*

By Ernestine Evans

STORIES of first schools, country schools, and gentle teachers seldom fail to have some sort of evocative, nostalgic effect. A new little book called "Village School" is no exception. "Miss Read," the name signed to it, is a *nom de plume*. Miss Read's day-to-day, season-to-season account of an English village with two teachers, and a character named Mrs. Pringle, who is both a charwoman and a free speaker, and now and then a shirker, is a peep at contemporary England.

Miss Read's school stood at right angles to the road, and across the churchyard from the church. The schoolhouse had a garden. (All schools should, says this reviewer.) The fields and downs sweep across the southern counties for mile on mile. "The children are hardy and though quite naturally they take their surroundings for granted, . . . they are aware of the fine views around them. The girls are fond of flowers, birds, insects, and all the minutiae of natural life, guarding any rare plant against outsiders' prying eyes and having a real knowledge of the whereabouts and uses of many plants and herbs." Knowing where the wild thyme grows may be as valuable an education as knowing what a movie star wears in bed.

Miss Clare, the other teacher, a spinster who had taught for forty years, she of the slanting Spencerian handwriting, she the one who had taught the children so many of the

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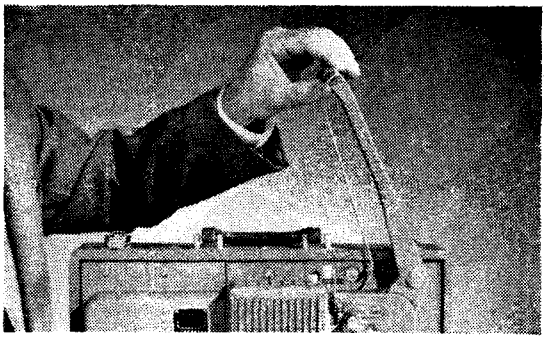

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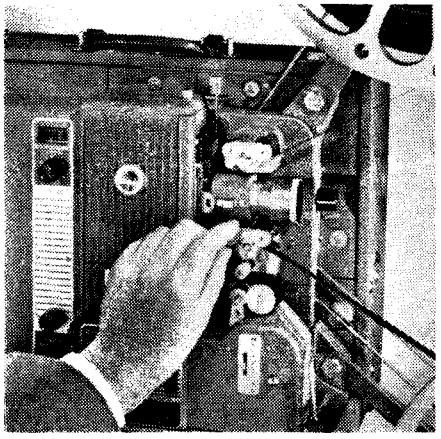

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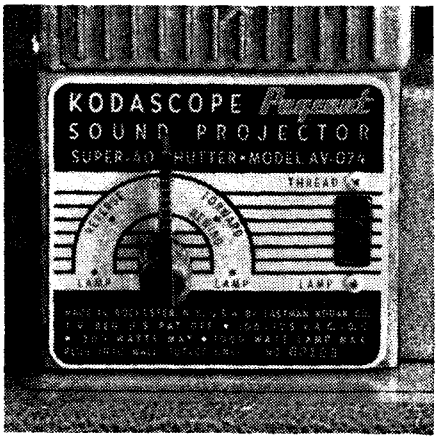

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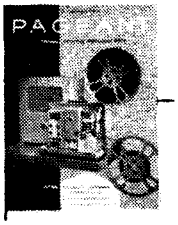

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village arts and who knew their grandparents and taught so many of their parents, was about to retire. There is humor in the description of the three women who had answered the advertisement for her successor as they are cased for the job by the local trustees. The three case the village from three different angles. One sniffs and retreats, one doesn't quite find it a place for her ailing old age, but the one who knows a neighboring village has plenty of music is pleased to be allowed to settle there. Not that the business of settling and finding a place to board is easy.

Miss Read writes dramatically, her characters speak grammatically and ungrammatically, and we learn a lot from the vernacular of both the children and adults. The weather spins a lot of the plot. The stoves are characters. Modern times visit the country school; lunches are fetched in, paid for by the authorities and contributed to by the parents. There is an odd little scene where a father will not pay for a better meal for his son than he carries to work himself.

There is much about the interweaving of village and market town, church and fair-time festivals, hardly a mention of London where the BBC comes from, or the political world or One World. But the minor politics of the local pub, the byplay when school inspectors come, the pity when one father plainly gets too drunk, the goings on at a rummage sale, expose the pattern of church and state, and local snobbery. Gossip erases privacy. The engagement between the new school teacher and Mr. Annett furnishes for old and young a play-by-play sporting and social event. Mother Nature, the Vicar, yes, and Gossip somehow increase the school staff to five.

Miss Read reminds us that love for a vocation makes a way of life in which the teacher can be the parents' best friend. Like the recent letter to *The New York Times* in which Jim Farley told about his own experience in a little New York State "red school house," this English village schoolteacher suggests that first-school ma'ams can and do make a social contribution to whatever future in this industrial, intellectual, cold- and hot-war age children must cope with.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Dr. Melhorn in "Dr. Melhorn and the Pearly Gates" (Stephen Vincent Benét). 2. Philip Westwick in "The Right Side" (John Collier). 3. Dante Alighieri and Virgil in "The Divine Comedy." 4. The old grandfather cockroach in "Archie and Mehitabel" (Don Marquis). 5. "Jurgen" (James Branch Cabell). 6. Timothy Partridge in "Great Mischief" (Josephine Pinckney). 7. Cradeau in "No Exit" (Jean-Paul Sartre). 8. The Gallowsbird in "The Ballad of the Gallowsbird" (Edwin Markham).

Pedagogues' Problems

***"Education as a Profession," by Myron Lieberman** (Prentice-Hall. 540 pp. $8) is a compendious volume concerned primarily with the problems facing public school teachers today. Our reviewer, Myron W. Watkins, was formerly professor of economics at New York University.*

By Myron W. Watkins

IF MY experience is any criterion, a lot of people are going to miss part of their proper education by turning away from Myron Lieberman's "Education as a Profession" after a cursory examination. The title is not exactly misleading, but neither is it adequately revealing. It suggested to me, perhaps because I am a former professor, that the book would be concerned with the reasons for and against the choice of an academic career by undecided members of the oncoming generation. Actually it has nothing to do with the academic profession. It is concerned solely with teaching at the elementary and secondary levels.

The preface indicates what prompted the writing of the book and what is in fact the main theme of the first hundred pages or so: that teaching is not a full-fledged profession and ought to be. In this section the fact that the author's preoccupation is with teaching in the public school system occasionally comes out in an incidental way; but there is no incisive differentiation from college and university instruction. Consequently the theme that the vocation of teaching does not measure up to the generally accepted criteria of a profession is unconvincing—worse, it's irritating.

For it proceeds on the premise that the several professions sprang up independently and spontaneously, the "older" ones (here treated as medicine and law) setting the standards for late-comers. Historically, of course, professions were a single, undifferentiated group composed of those who "used their heads" in any way and for any purpose that the occasion seemed to demand, to win power, prestige, and pelf (emoluments, if you prefer)—witness the etymological derivation of pontiff. The military, the priesthood, the medicine men, the lawyers, and the engineers comprise professions generically no older—and no younger—than the academic profession. Hippocrates and Socrates were contemporaries, and neither was by any means the first in his line. The oldest profession is a myth—speaking of men only, of course!

Once past this hurdle, however, the reader will find a penetrating and illuminating analysis of the whole range of perplexing problems and challenging issues that confront public school teachers—today. Among these are local school board control, with its insistence on conformity ("The result is that the schools do not provide any genuine intellectual stimulation"); legislative prescription of courses; loyalty oaths; appallingly low salaries; high pupil-teacher ratios; administrator-teacher relationships; lay intervention in choice of curriculum; teacher certification standards; teacher personality characteristics and disciplinary jurisdiction; the role of pedagogical techniques in teaching training; procedure and standards for accrediting teacher training institutions; feasibility of using teacher-assistants to relieve shortage of teachers; technological adaptations to increase classroom efficiency; teachers' extra-curricular load; activities of National Education Association, teachers' unions and collective bargaining.

All these matters and many more are surveyed in concrete terms, with a critical eye. On the whole the author evinces sound judgment in reviewing these current issues. For those intent on going to the roots of these problems he supplies copious references to the literature issuing from official and private sources, commissions, foundations, universities, and associations of all stripes, that has been mounting to flood tide in recent decades and shows no sign of abating.

But for the ordinary citizen Mr. Lieberman's clear and cogent analysis of the continuing crisis in the public school system meets adequately a real need. He writes out of a wealth of experience. Here he is open-minded, fair-minded, and tough-minded. We salute the courage of a tutor who boldly declares: "A genuine profession of education would not accept *any* lay determination, either local, state, or federal, of what to teach and how to teach it."

Notes

LIBERAL ARTS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION: Frank D. Ashburn's **"A Parents' Guide to Independent Schools and Colleges"**

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(Coward-McCann, $3.75) is considerably more than its title suggests. It is not one of those catalogues that list schools and colleges and their admission requirements, but an informative essay on those parts of the American educational system which are devoted to producing more or less traditional training in the liberal arts and sciences. Mr. Ashburn's intention was to describe, for the benefit of parents who are often quite vague about such matters, just what liberal education means, and what relation it bears to our vast public school system and our colleges. Without directly criticizing the current trend toward "life adjustment" in public education, Mr. Ashburn clearly and firmly reasserts the value of intellectual orientation and moral discipline in education. Although the book is a readable combination of analysis and anecdote throughout, for parents its most practical section and for teachers its most illuminating will probably be its pro-and-con discussion of private school and boarding school education.

PHILOSOPHIC BASIS FOR EDUCATION: A highly sophisticated, erudite, and yet readable conversation on the philosophic bases of modern education is offered by Frederick Mayer and Frank E. Brower in **"Education for Maturity"** (Public Affairs Press, $3.25). The authors are relativists and pragmatists but they have a healthy distrust of the modern distortions of Dewey's doctrine of "learning by experience." They quite rightly emphasize that teaching is a creative activity, and that learning should be too—a compound of action and creative meditation and reflection. The book closes with a restatement of the liberal, optimistic view of human life to which such a philosophy of education contributes.

OUTSIDE WORK FOR COLLEGE TEACHERS: Because of low salaries, strong outside demand for their professional services, and the common university policy of leaving teachers plenty of time for their own research projects, there has always been a problem in universities as to how paid outside activities of the faculty should be regulated. In recent years, particularly among younger faculty members, there has been acute conflict between extra jobs that are necessary to eke out absurdly low salaries, and the research, study, and preparation that are absolutely necessary to advancement in the academic world. Herbert E. Longenecker's **"University Compensation Policies and Practices in the United States"** (University of Illinois Press; paperbound, $1.50) surveys the history of the problem in our universities, quotes relevant passages from the regulations of most of the major universities, and gives a brief general discussion of the problem.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES: An exhaustive treatment of extra-curricular and co-curricular activities in high schools is offered by Frederick C. Gruber and Thomas Bayard Beatty in **"Secondary School Activities"** (McGraw-Hill, $4.50). The authors discuss in great detail how such activities augment the educational experience, what the various activities are, how they are administered, and what problems are encountered in carrying out such programs in the modern school. At the end of each chapter there is a selective bibliography on the subject treated therein. Although the book attempts to create a theoretical system of extra-curricular activities, it provides a good deal of practical information that should be useful to tyro teachers who are assigned as advisors to such groups in high schools.

THE TASKS OF EDUCATIONAL LEADERSHIP—discipline, curriculum changes, administration of extra-curricular activities, evaluation of the effectiveness of teachers, and so on—are presented in the form of "case studies" by Vivienne Anderson and Daniel R. Davies in a book called **"Patterns of Educational Leadership"** (Prentice-Hall, $5.25). The approach is practical and the case-study situations are often provocative, but—and this is a big but—the whole book is suffused with that cozy condescension which in educational literature so often acts as a cover for a quite inflexible application of dogma. In this case the dogma is that of the "integrated" activities curriculum rather than the subject matter curriculum, and in the case studies the proponents of the latter are invariably represented as misguided fuddy-duddys who have to be handled properly by the administrator if he wants to insure a "practical, vital curriculum." The condescension of tone is reinforced by line drawings and stiffly posed photographs of school activities that contribute nothing except an air of vapidness to the book. Why do educational texts like these, presumably to be read by mature adults, so often have pictorial representations of the most simple, obvious phases of their subjects? Why should this work, written by two university professors for readers who almost all hold advanced academic degrees, have cartoons showing such things as the seniors preparing for the school dance, and a principal lecturing his bored staff?

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Dunbar

Continued from page 28

brightest, drop math just as soon as they are free to do so. Twelve per cent of the high school seniors surveyed by ETS had taken no algebra or geometry; 26 per cent quit math after one year and another 30 per cent stepped out after two years.

Apparently math has the dubious distinction of being the most distasteful subject in the curriculum—to both teachers and students. When Wilbur H. Dutton of the University of California at Los Angeles sounded out 211 future elementary teachers he found that three-fourths hated arithmetic with a passion. They called it "frightening," "drudgery," and an "awful snag and bore."

Last summer at a conference sponsored by the University of Illinois a report was made on the teaching of mathematics in the state. It said: "A large number, perhaps nearly half, of the elementary teachers have no confidence in their knowledge and understanding of arithmetic and consequently have a dislike and dread of these classes."

Teacher attitudes and inadequacies are probably the major problem at the grade-school level. It is not surprising that the problem exists. In most states an elementary teacher can graduate from a teachers college and be certificated without having taken a single math course in either high school or college. In nearly one-third of the states a teacher could be licensed to teach high school mathematics without a single college credit in math. Moreover, because of the shortage of math teachers, classes in mathematics are frequently assigned to teachers whose preparation was in other fields. At the White House Conference on Education last November, Vice President Nixon told of an estimate that up to 400,000 students are learning mathematics from teachers not trained to teach it.

Although teacher training programs usually are heavily weighted with methods courses, many colleges require no course in the teaching of arithmetic, a subject which needs more specialized teaching skill than most. Thus, too few teachers are aware of the changes in the theory of how arithmetic should be taught.

In many classrooms teachers still rely exclusively on the drill-and-memory system of the past. Others teach arithmetic "incidentally," as it is needed in other subjects or school activities—a method that authorities agree provides insufficient training.

Although the ETS survey concludes that more research is needed to determine the effectiveness of various teaching methods, available evidence favors the "meaningful" approach. The stress is on teaching what numbers are (with the help of experience with real objects such as beans or jacks) and what it means to add, subtract, multiply, or divide. Drill still has its place, but only after the mathematical process involved is thoroughly understood.

At the high-school level the belief is growing that a drastic overhauling of the mathematics program is needed. The high-school curriculum has remained untouched by new developments in mathematics that are the basis of modern science, according to critics like Saunders MacLane, chairman of the mathematics department at the University of Chicago. Like a growing number of critics, Professor MacLane believes that calculus belongs in the high school curriculum. Another persistent recommendation is that algebra, geometry, and trigonometry should not be separate courses as now, but should be integrated in a single course that would reveal their interrelationships. An experimental program organized along these lines has been developed by the University of Illinois. Its trial use in several high schools has aroused much favorable attention. It will be expanded next year with a Ford Foundation grant.

The ETS report singles out two other attempts to "lift the level of the high school mathematics curriculum." One is a program for gifted students developed by the School and College Study of Admission with Advanced Standing, which takes the superior high school senior well into calculus. The other is a long-range project just getting started under the direction of the College Entrance Examination Board. Its purpose is to determine what changes are needed in high-school math and to develop plans for retraining teachers to handle a revised program.

So far most of the attempts to point up and combat the alarming deficiencies in the school mathematics program have come not from public school educators but from scientists, university professors, and professional organizations. When grade and high school administrators and teachers become as much concerned about this problem as they have been about the reading controversy, solutions may be found.

One thing is clear. The situation won't be remedied overnight or even in a few years. But unless interested parties put their heads together now and take bold steps to strengthen mathematics instruction, America is headed for trouble.

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Hechinger

Continued from page 20

elementary school mathematics without having taken any college work in math.

But the indications were that in this field—in contrast to reading—strong action is planned *before* the public outcry does real damage. The Educational Testing Service and the College Entrance Examination Board have both begun to look into the matter so that corrective action can be taken soon. (*For an account of the study of mathematics teaching, see page* 28.)

● Never before has the country been so conscious of the serious and growing shortage of brain power. The highly popularized competition with Russia in the numbers of trained engineers and scientists has highlighted a fraction of the problem. But the focus is beginning to expand. The shortage is basic and long-range and serious.

The Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy warned that all brain power—not just the technical kind—is desperately needed.

The Educational Policies Commission added its warning and a wealth of facts in its special report, "Manpower and Education."

● In view of the shortages it was strange to hear some educators bemoan the "tidal wave" of students. The reasons for their complaints were largely financial. But even though the colleges had reached an all-time record with an enrollment of 3 million, it became more and more evident that they were getting ready —some reluctantly, some (mainly the publicly financed state universities) with exuberance—to expand much more. In fifteen years, they now know, they may have more than twice their present number of students. (*For a report on current planning to deal with education beyond high school, see page* 21.)

● In the midst of preparations for more to come, in July the G.I. Bill of Rights, the greatest national scholarship plan in history, expired. But the new pattern of going to college it had set has become the new pattern of American society.

● Figures may be dull, but they do tell a story. In the record year just ended almost 40 million Americans—nearly a quarter of the entire population—were enrolled in some sort of formal education, and the end was not yet in sight. These are some of the pertinent statistics:

enrolled in all elementary schools:	29,000,000
enrolled in all secondary schools:	7,700,000
teachers in all the schools:	1,180,000
teachers in colleges, universities:	190,000
new classrooms built:	66,000

If the totals sound impressive, the total shortages, now and in years to come, are depressing. The colleges within the next fifteen years will need between 340,000 and 490,000 new faculty members. The schools in the ten years ahead will call for almost two million new teachers. Right now there is a shortage of 55,000 teachers. (*The motives that lead men and women to teach are discussed on page* 30.)

To catch up with the need for classrooms, sixteen billion dollars would have to be spent by 1960. Last year about two-and-one-half billion were spent. But the shortage remains at about 200,000 classrooms.

● Some isolated facts, registered throughout the year, picked at random:

A strong revival of interest in religion on campuses was reported.

More than 40,000 foreign students were registered at American colleges and universities.

College scholarships had almost ceased to be "awards" for academic achievement; while they still demanded outstanding grades, they were given mainly to alleviate the financial needs of talented students.

A group of eight professional men—doctors, physicists, etc.—in Levittown, N.Y., volunteered to teach science to elementary school teachers in the evening over coffee and cake.

● And so, another year's "newscast of education" ends. A fraction of all that has not been "covered" would fill this magazine. This summary began with a report of strong, hopeful signs of a search for a new, higher level of quality in America's teaching and learning. It ends with a prediction:

This fall the country may witness, for the first time, a discussion of education as an important part of the election battle between the two major parties. And while many of the lower echelons of candidates may not yet realize it, more and more voters will consider the education plank one of the most decisive elements in the platform. Calling this progress might evoke the charge of pro-education bias. But it is safe to say that here is a change in national attitudes that borders on revolution.

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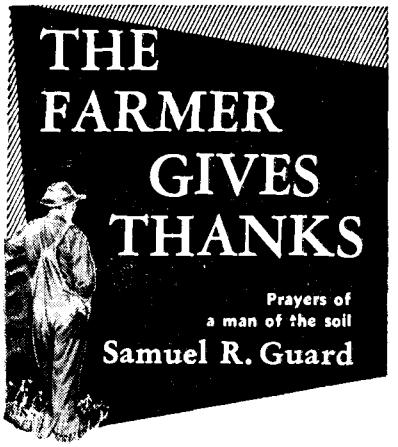

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Quakers...Russians

Continued from page 18

many points to avoid presenting a shabby, ragged appearance. In general they succeed well, for we found city clothing for the most part to be clean, neat, and adequate, though lacking in variety and style.

Most women in the cities go without hats, and those who wear them would often be better off bareheaded if Western styles are used as a basis for judgment. Much more common than hats, even in cities, is the familiar kerchief tied around the head. The prevailing summer headgear for men, when any is worn at all, is the flat Russian cap rather than a hat.

• • •

Food, shelter, and clothing are the primary problems in the life of the city worker. In other areas of life we found him reasonably well taken care of—indeed, better off budgetwise in some ways than his Western counterpart. His children are assured of ten years of schooling. Tuition is free for the first seven years and low (if there is any charge at all) for the last three, and school supplies and books are so heavily subsidized that education is not a drain on the family budget. The same is true of medical service. A widespread system of free clinics is available to all, and the only cost to the Soviet family is a small charge for medicines.

• • •

There is no doubt that agricultural production is one of the major internal problems of the Soviet Union. Entirely aside from the inadequacy of distribution mechanisms, food is a crucial problem because not enough is being produced to keep pace with an increasing population. This is particularly true in relation to livestock and dairy products. While the Soviet farm family has some advantages over its city counterpart, we found the farmers' position generally worse than that of the workers. The Soviet economy is geared to favor the industrial worker, and the Government's determination to provide him with low-cost food means that the farmer is relatively disadvantaged. Although we doubtless saw farms that were above average in quality, we can understand why unrest is said to focus in the agricultural areas of the Soviet Union.

• • •

Our direct contact with the new lands program itself was limited to an interview with an official in the Akmolinsk Agricultural Ministry. From this discussion and from others in Moscow, as well as from our own observation in Central Asia, we conclude that the whole vast experiment represents an enormous gamble. Rainfall is the key to success or failure, and rainfall per year averages only a marginal twelve inches. With a weather break good crops will be produced, as they were in the first year (1954) of the experiment, but in a dry year they will fail. Eventually enough snow fences may be built and windbreaks planted to help hold moisture and top soil, but in the meantime it seemed likely to us that several years of consecutive drought might turn the whole region into a dust bowl, especially in view of the wind which seems to sweep constantly across the flat plain. The land itself is adequate, but we were advised that some fertilizer is necessary and is being widely used. No irrigation is attempted since the engineering and supply problems are too great for present Soviet resources, although irrigation is a theoretical possibility.

• • •

We found ample evidence that Russia retains much of the monolithic character which has marked it for centuries and which the Communists have refined and reinforced since 1918. Individual freedom as we know it in the democratic world does not today exist in Russia, and never has. The Party is in full control of the machinery of government, the national economy, and the social order. We have no reason to believe it has altered its revolutionary objectives or abandoned its war psychology or its intolerance of dissent. Our visit dispelled none of these popular impressions of Soviet society, but it reinforced our conviction that they convey only a partial and very inadequate understanding of the Soviet Union. Taken alone they suggest a static situation: total control, rigid doctrine, inexorable violence. Yet almost our strongest impression of Soviet society was its fluid quality. The internal situation in Russia is anything but static; forces are at work that will certainly make the future very different from the past. To assume the contrary is to dehumanize the Russians and reduce the operation of society to a mechanical formula. This is a Marxist doctrine, and one which runs counter to both Christian belief and historical evidence. It fails to take into account the fact that dictators are men and that they govern other men—in this case, 200,000,000 of them.

Soviet society is itself a demonstration of the inadequacy of the Marxist formula. A whole nation has been taught to read. An increasing number

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are being taught to think and, according to American scientists, to think very well. This massive educational program has been necessary to carry forward the national program of industrialization and to indoctrinate the people with Marxism. But education, once provided, is not subject to easy control. How long will men well trained in the scientific process accept without question Party pronouncements based only on "holy" dogma? How long will millions of Russians read Tolstoy and Turgenev and Dostoevski and Shakespeare and Dickens and Zola before some of the ideas of these literary statesmen produce serious cracks in the monolithic structure of Soviet society? It seems to us that mass education will present increasing problems to Russian leadership. It is already a new and dynamic force that must be reckoned with.

Another force that refuses to fit neatly into the Marxist doctrine of scientific human relations is religion. We found enough evidence of spiritual vigor to suggest that the Communist concern over a religious revival is well founded. The church and synagogue and mosque labor under difficulties, but neither persecution nor persuasion has yet succeeded in removing them from the Soviet scene, and in our opinion they are gaining rather than losing strength. We have no illusion about the extent of their current influence on Soviet policy, but we believe their emphasis on moral values and standards of conduct is adding a crucial dimension to Russian life.

The rise of a new privileged class and a highly stratified society present another force to challenge revolutionary Marxism. Communists are subject to exactly the same temptations as capitalists when they obtain positions of wealth and luxury. The successful Russian has a stake in stability; and his country home, his car, and his television set may influence his thinking about domestic and international affairs more sharply than does his Marxist ideology.

We believe, therefore, that Americans now have a new and significant opportunity to develop better understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union. Too often all that is offered us is an armed truce in a Cold War. This may well be the best governments can offer if citizens content themselves with fostering suspicion and fear. But if disaster should come from such attitudes the blame cannot be centered on governments alone, because even a little venture now opens up vistas for action by private citizens, especially Americans, which are thus far largely unexplored

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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I WRITE. Perhaps drivel . . . or has it potentials? Frenchman, 53 years old, seeks collaborator either sex, proficient English, for joint venture. Preference Greater New York. Erratic or immature kindly abstain. Box Z-920.

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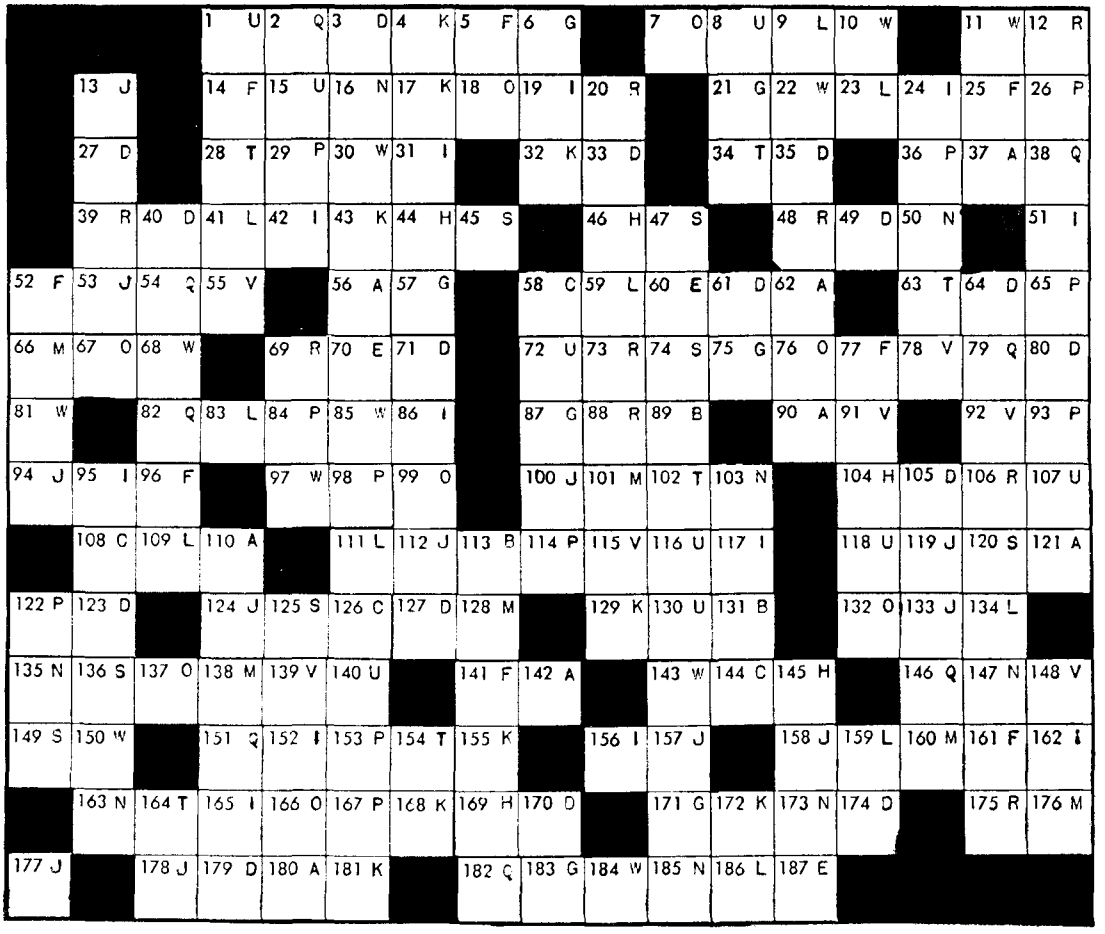
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Prussian field marshal who led the German Tenth Army against Russia, 1915; assassinated by Russians, 1918.	110 90 121 37 62 56 180 142
B. Founder with Nehru of the Swaraj Party, 1922.	89 113 131
C. Smallest particle imaginable.	58 144 126 108
D. Revolutionary fanatic in Paris, 1776, one of the first to sponsor "Worship of Reason"; guillotined 1794 (familiar two names).	27 123 3 127 49 179 105 35 40 170 61 80 64 174 33 71
E. A creek.	187 60 70
F. Distribution; allotment; separation.	161 52 14 25 96 141 5 77
G. Loggers' hut on a log-raft for eating and sleeping.	21 87 6 171 75 183 57
H. Jewish Semitic scholar, founded Hebrew Coll., Baltimore; now on Hunter faculty (1891—).	145 104 169 46 44
I. Sequence number of Constantine I as Pope (comp.).	162 152 117 42 86 31 95 165 19 51 156 24
J. How the Irish people describe a woman having special understanding of fairies, charms, etc.	94 100 157 124 112 119 178 158 177 13 1 53 133
K. Dutch organist and composer, for 40 years at Old Church, Amsterdam (1562-1621).	155 129 168 43 17 32 172 4 181

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Having general regard for others' interests and welfare.	23 59 186 159 41 109 134 111 83 9
M. Amer. architect, Columbia Library, Phelps Hall, Yale, etc. (1841-1917).	176 101 160 138 128 66
N. Foodstuffs.	50 135 173 147 185 16 103 163
O. Type of baldness which spreads around the scalp in serpentine bands, occurring in children.	67 166 7 76 18 99 137 132
P. Classification of the great contemporary French actor Marcel Marceau.	167 93 26 36 122 153 29 114 84 65 98
Q. Altar which Jacob built on the scene of his vision (comp.).	146 54 82 38 151 182 2 79
R. "Angle" in northern Minnesota which belongs to U.S. instead of Canada through inadequate survey of 1783.	88 106 73 48 39 69 20 12 175
S. Partially illuminated (comp.).	125 120 149 47 136 74 45
T. Amer. Army officer, permanent chairman, Inter-Amer. Defense Board (1877—).	154 102 63 34 28 164
U. What Richard Plantagenet said Mortimer was choked with (King Henry VI, Part I).	130 107 118 8 140 15 72 116
V. Abounding in rodents of a horrid kind.	148 78 91 92 115 55 139
W. The great white trillium (2 wds.).	30 184 97 68 22 143 150 10 11 85 81

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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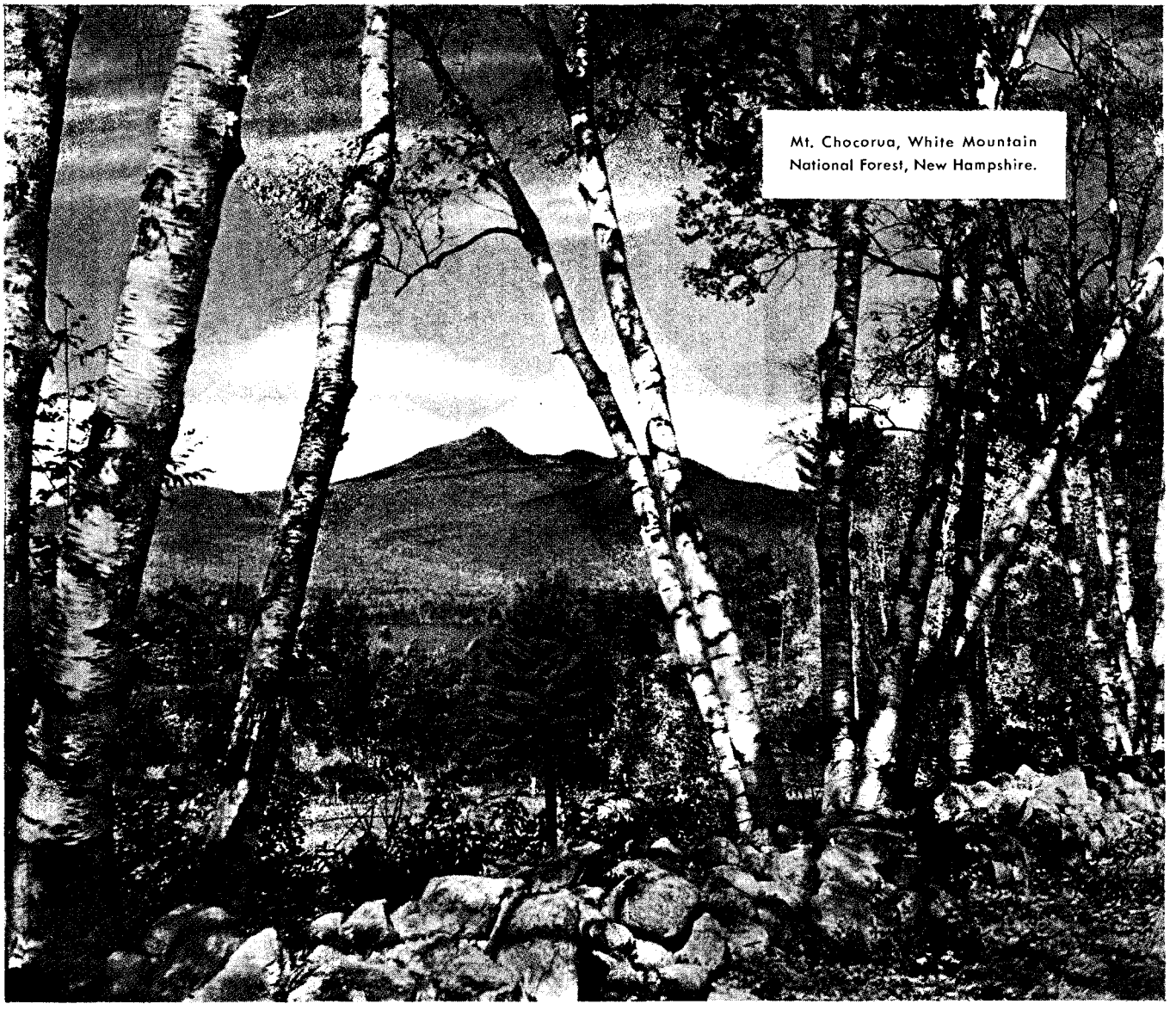

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